

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

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as a Newspaper.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

MR. BALFOUR OPENS SEAHAM DOCK.



The top picture shows Mr. Balfour, with Lord Londonderry on the left and the contractor, Mr. Pearson, on the right. The lower picture shows Mr. Balfour making his speech at the opening ceremony.

ENGLAND'S ROYAL GUEST.



The King of Greece, Queen Alexandra's brother, who arrives at Portsmouth to-day, on a visit to King Edward.—(Stereograph copyright, 1905, Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.)

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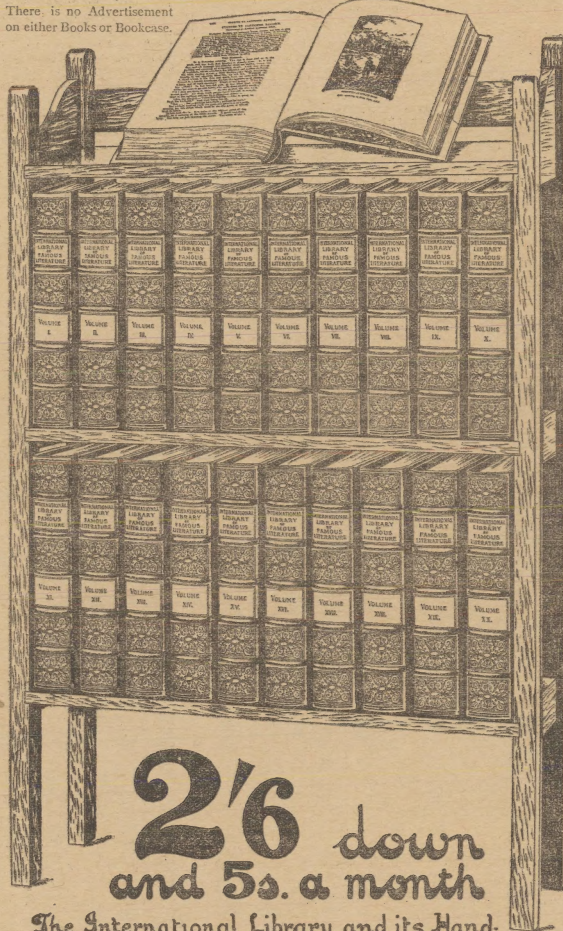
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THE KING OF GREECE ARRIVES TO-DAY.

Muscular Monarch Anxious
to Invite King Edward
to Athens.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

English Monarch Will Probably
Accept the Invitation.

INTEREST IN CURRANTS.

The King of Greece arrives to-day in England on a visit to King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and he will be received at Portsmouth with all the honours due to a crowned head.

One of the most interesting facts of the King's visit has not yet been made public. King George is anxious that King Edward should visit Greece next April to see the Olympic games at Athens, in which the athletic glories of old Greece are to be revived. A formal invitation to Athens will be tendered during the visit. King Edward is understood to be greatly interested in the revival, and it is quite probable that he may be persuaded to accept the hospitality of the Hellenic monarch.

If this project should be realised it would greatly add to the interest felt in the revival both in England and in Greece. King George is an athlete first and a monarch afterwards. He is the most muscular king in Europe, and more than once has, under the pseudonym of "George Apodopulus," taken part in the struggles of the arena and the racing path. On one occasion he was so startlingly successful that the crowd suspected him of being a professional masquerading as an amateur. At length the partisans of the defeated men lost their tempers and made an ugly rush towards the too successful stranger. Even to this day the roughs, who were with some difficulty repelled by the police, do not know that the competitor whom they hustled was their king.

AN ATHLETIC MONARCH.

The greatest athlete may well be proud of showing his prowess before the eyes of such a monarch as this. If King Edward also finds it possible to grace the Stadium at Athens with his presence, the cup of joy will be full for the cosmopolitan crowd who will be attracted by the glamour of the games.

The first revival of this kind took place in 1896. American and English athletes generally carried all before them. But in the famous Marathon race victory was appropriately reserved for a descendant of the race that won at Thermopylae.

S. Lones, a Greek peasant, ran the 24 miles 1,500 yards from Marathon to the Stadium in two hours-fifty-five minutes. His most serious rival was an Australian named Flack, who carried the colours of the Thames Harbours and the funds. He was leading until near the finish, when he felt exhausted to the ground.

The Olympic Games were repeated at Paris in 1900, but it was not the same thing. The glamour of classicism was absent. Next year the Marathon race will be run over the same course that old Greek athletes covered 2,000 years ago—from the Parnassus, "where the mountain looks on Marathon, and Marathon looks on the sea," to the Stadium at Athens.

If an English athlete should win the great honour on this classic soil before the eyes of his King the pride of his countrymen will know no bounds.

THE KING AND CURRANTS.

But there is another side to King George's visit. In one sense he is a royal commercial traveller. His visit may give an impetus to the consumption of currants in this country.

Greece has only one great source of wealth—currants. Literally the country has a currant currency. A bank was actually founded into which depositors paid their fruit instead of money.

Currants have been the great problem over which the statesmen of Greece have struggled. A few years ago France took seventy thousand tons of currants, which she turned into wine. The French grape crop had failed, and currants proved such an excellent substitute that the wine-makers continued to use them until the grape-growers clamoured for legislation to protect them from the competition.

Greece had spent twenty millions on currant plantations to meet the demand, when France suddenly imposed a tariff that completely ruined the trade.

Bad times followed. Wages fell 60 per cent. Thousands of men were starving, and hunger caused riots. No taxes were paid, and when bailiffs tried to distrain the peasants prepared to

show fight. Bloodshed was prevented by the women, who, knowing that the armed collectors would not fire upon them, turned out in force with broomsticks.

Then, if one cannot fire them, are no match for broomsticks, so the women won, but the whole country was disturbed.

CURRANTS AS FOOD.

At last a great syndicate, in which King George showed interest, was formed to control the yearly output of currants, and Greece was saved.

To English people currants do not seem of great importance. They suggest indigestible Christmas puddings. But other countries think differently. Germany and Holland long ago discovered the food value of currant bread, and Sir Francis Laking, King Edward's physician, thinks we might adopt it in this country with advantage.

"The crimes of labourers in the fields or in the mines—say, the soldiers in barracks or on the march—would require no other food," he writes, "because currants contain sufficient nutriment, and especially the saccharine element in its best form—that of grape sugar."

In a postscript to the letter in which Sir Francis Laking made this suggestion, he said: "The great physician, Sir William Gull, thought so highly of currants that he always advised his patients, when on a long journey, to carry with them plum-pudding."

King Edward will set the example to his subjects to-day when, as a compliment to his guest, he will have a special dish of currants served at dessert.

PERSONAL TRAITS.

In a score of other ways the King of Greece is an interesting personage. He is, perhaps, the only royalty in history who became a reigning monarch earlier than his own father.

It happened thus. The throne of Greece was going begging. Queen Victoria had refused it on behalf of Prince Albert, subsequently Duke of Edinburgh, and then of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The crown was then offered to Prince George of Denmark, and accepted by him. A fortnight later his grandfather died, and his father mounted the hereditary seat of the monarchs of Denmark.

King George, who is said to be the most poorly-paid king in Europe, hates ceremony, and has a habit of strolling about incognito, talking freely to any strangers he may meet.

Declining to answer a challenge from a royal sentry on one occasion he was fired at, but escaped with a rent in his overcoat. Next day he summoned the sentinel to his presence, thanked him for his devotion to instructions, and presented him with one of the minor military orders.

Some years ago two would-be assassins fired six shots at the King with army rifles. The King was driving with one of his daughters, and instantly stood up to shield her from the bullets with his body. While the men were aiming at him he shook his cane at them so furiously that they lost nerve, and only succeeded in wounding a footman. "I actually seemed to frighten the fellows," he laughingly said afterwards.

His queen, a sister of the Tsar, is the only admiral in the world who wears petticoats. She received this singular distinction from her imperial brother.

THE WEEK'S PROGRAMME.

King George will arrive at Portsmouth about 1.40 to-day on the Victoria and Albert and will be welcomed by Prince Arthur and Countess. He is expected at Windsor Castle just before four.

The week's programme includes a state banquet at Windsor to-morrow; a luncheon at the Guildhall on Wednesday; a performance of "The Merchant of Venice" by the Garrick Theatre company at Windsor Castle on Thursday; a state concert on Friday; and a performance of "The White Woos" by the Haymarket Company on Saturday.

BLESSING THE PRINCESS.

Indian Women's Triple Ceremony of Homage to the Royal Visitor.

BOMBAY, Sunday.—The Prince and Princess of Wales spent a restful Sunday. In the afternoon their Royal Highnesses went for a drive in a motor-car, and in the evening attended divine service at the cathedral.—Renter.

The Prince and Princess of Wales had another splendid reception at Bombay on Saturday, when the Her-Apparent laid the foundation-stone of a new museum.

The most interesting ceremony of the day, however, was the purdah at the town hall—a ceremony provided by the ladies of Bombay for the Princess. At this no male was allowed to be present.

Her Royal Highness (says Reuter's special correspondent) passed over cuppings of pure gold to the throne, from which, amid a scene of great splendour, she received ladies of the Parsee, Hindu, and Mohammedan persuasions.

By the first she was blessed by egg and coconut, typifying diversion of evil and accumulation of good; and rice, symbolic of plenty, was scattered over her.

The Hindu presented the Princess with red powder wherewith she could make the caste marks, and then the Mohammedans garlanded her and showered upon her gold and silver-leaved almonds.

PANIC OF THE JEWS.

Thousands Flying from Russia in Dread of Renewed Massacres.

The Jews in Russia are panic-stricken at the series of ghastly anti-Semitic riots which have occurred, and are now flying from the country in thousands. To add to their terror rumour persistently asserts that wholesale massacres of an even more terrible nature have been planned.

How appalling the massacres have already been becomes more and more apparent with every fresh message from the scenes of rioting. At Ekaterinoslav, to quote only one instance, during three days seventy-eight Jews were killed and 160 injured. Nearly 200 shops and 130 houses were destroyed. The actual situation yesterday was less alarming than for weeks past, though whether the calm which now prevails is only the prelude to another terrible storm no one can say.

Kronstadt is now quiet. The machine-guns have been withdrawn from the streets, and fewer soldiers are to be seen. The most sensational incident reported yesterday was the attempt of the wife of a municipal councillor named Czersky to murder the Governor of Mohileff. Mme. Czersky obtained admission to the Governor's reception-room by assuming the name of Baroness Meindoff, and then fired two shots with a revolver, wounding him dangerously.

The town of Lobozer, in Bessarabia, has been completely destroyed by rioters. Large numbers of the inhabitants have been killed, and the rest are without shelter.

MATINEE HAT SCENE.

Theatre Demonstration That Caused Many Ladies to Quit the Building.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday.—An extraordinary scene at the Comedy Theatre of Turin is reported by the "New York Herald."

Part of the audience made a hostile demonstration against those women in the stalls who wore "matinee" hats.

During a din of whistling many of the offending hats were finally removed, but rather than obey the request several women left the theatre. In future protests against women who wear the enormous hats of present-day fashion will be general.

PREMIER'S FRIENDSHIP.

Mr. Balfour Charmingly Recalls His Former Relations with Lord Londonderry.

In declaring open on Saturday a new dock at Seaham Harbour, a great enterprise carried out under the guidance of Lord Londonderry, the Prime Minister spoke in a charming fashion of the old friendship between the Marquis and himself.

"This friendship," he said, "had its roots in matters far apart from politics, but was augmented by the close political and official connection which began between us when he was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and I was his chief secretary, in times of great difficulty and great anxiety."

"It is not likely that either he or I will forget the common anxieties and the common task which we then went through together; and time, I am convinced, will never efface the memories of the past, but will rather strengthen from day to day the sentiments between us which were then engendered."

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Over half a million books, valued at £80,000, have been destroyed by a fire at Messrs. Fayard's well-known establishment in Paris.

Mr. Harrison Weir had an easier day yesterday, after passing a quieter night. No change has taken place in the condition of Lord Brampton.

Three of the crew, besides the captain, have been lost in the wreck of the Norwegian schooner *Salvong* on the rocks at Slains, near Aberdeen.

Friends of Mrs. Arthur Paget, the well-known society leader, will be gratified to learn that there are signs that her broken thigh-bone is knitting.

England has obtained satisfaction from the Porte with regard to the delimitation of the Aden-Hinterland boundary, but the Aden railway question is yet to be settled.—Exchange.

At the conclusion of the swearing-in of recruits at Potsdam at noon yesterday, the Kaiser called for cheers for the King of Spain, who was present, and was enthusiastically greeted.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Variable gusty south-westerly to north-westerly winds; continuing very changeable; rainy to fine temporarily, becoming colder.
Lighting-up time, 5.12 p.m.
Sea passages will be rather rough to moderate.

THE QUEEN'S GENEROUS GIFT.

Royal Fund for the Unemployed
Opened with £2,000.

APPEAL TO THE NATION.

I appeal to all charitably-disposed people in the Empire, both men and women, to assist me in alleviating the suffering of the poor starving unemployed during this winter. For this purpose I head the list with £2,000. All contributions to be sent to Earl de Grey, treasurer.
ALEXANDRA.

This truly royal message on behalf of the unemployed may be taken as the Queen's response to the plea of the women who appealed to Mr. Balfour.

The Prime Minister himself in effect told the deputation that officially he could do nothing. He was better than his word, for on Thursday last, at the Guildhall banquet, he pleaded that the benevolent should aid the workless.

But while the opening of a Mansion House fund was being discussed, our Queen, not waiting for any official action, wrote this letter to Earl de Grey, the treasurer of her household.

TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Interviewed yesterday, the Earl said he could give no information about the Queen's intentions, as he knew nothing beyond what was conveyed in the letter reproduced above, which he received on Saturday.

"I had no inkling of the Queen's intention," he said. "Her Majesty wrote to me on Saturday enclosing her appeal and directing me to publish it, and, of course, I did so immediately."

"But whether the Queen ever desired to create a separate fund or to assist the movement which has been, or is being, inaugurated in the City, I cannot say."

"It is sufficient for the moment that the Queen, acting upon the impulse of a heart that always beats in sympathy with poverty and suffering, has determined to do what she can to enlist the sympathy of the charitable, and has given them a noble lead."

Earl de Grey added that he had asked for an interview to-day, and in the meantime that as the Queen had said subscriptions were to be sent to him they should be addressed to Buckingham Palace.

DELIGHT IN THE EAST END.

The Lord Mayor, interviewed yesterday, said he had no knowledge of what was intended by her Majesty. A Mansion House Fund had not been opened. Following Mr. A. J. Balfour's appeal he had received a letter from Mr. G. Balfour, as President of the Local Government Board, asking him to place a room at the disposal of a committee who desired to meet and discuss the question. This request he had, of course, acceded to.

But if the Queen's Fund was to be a separate affair he did not see how that meeting could decide to set up a scheme which might have the appearance of being nothing more than a head-on list.

Among the workers for the unemployed in the East End the Queen's appeal and magnificent gift have been received with delight.

"The news is, indeed, very welcome," said Mr. Crooks, and he hopes that now that her Majesty has, with tact and kindly feeling which has always characterised her, headed the list, people in high places will follow her example."

Though the Queen's gracious gift and appeal is without parallel, her Majesty has previously shown her sympathy with the poor by her reception of General Booth and the Rev. Mr. Carile, and her gifts to the labour yards.

There can be little doubt that her Majesty, who was informed of all the particulars of the appeal of the deputation to Mr. Balfour, has been moved by her sympathy with the sufferings of the poor to take such an active part in alleviating them.

MR. BRODRICK'S CHALLENGE.

Under "proper safeguards and conditions," Mr. W. H. Henshere, a working man of Ghilworth, near Guildford, has accepted the challenge made by Mr. Brodrick that he would pay the expenses of any Englishman who would do work in the South African mines similar to that done by Chinese.

"I am not going to work in company with Chinese criminals," he states, "nor shall I work for a shilling a day. I shall want at least the wages paid before the war."

SIX POWERS MOVE ON TURKEY.

PARIS, Sunday.—The "Echo de Paris" states that the arrangement of a naval demonstration against Turkey is now official, and that it will probably take place on the coasts of Asia Minor.

The fleet of the six Powers—France, Russia, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, and Austria-Hungary—will be placed under the direction of a council composed of the admirals commanding each squadron.—Renter.

INTERVIEW WITH A REVOLUTIONARY.

Refugee from St. Petersburg Talks
with an Uncrowned King.

GENERAL RISING PLANNED

I am able to assert that about the middle of December, near the 15th, there will be a general rising throughout Russia. Nothing on earth save the wishes of the revolutionary committee can stop this. But if in the opinion of the president that time is not ripe, the rising will be deferred until the middle of January. But come it must, and within six months the Russian autocracy will be at an end for ever.

These remarkable words of prophecy are the concluding sentences of a remarkable communication which the *Daily Mirror* has received from a correspondent who has just escaped from St. Petersburg on board the boat which bore the financiers who had been summoned to Russia by the Tsar. We are able to vouch for the unimpeachable good faith of our informant, whose name and credentials are in our possession. He writes:—

It was the night of the 30th of October, and "You will," said my friend, who holds an important political post in Russia, "be wise to get out of St. Petersburg as soon as possible."

I went to the Hotel d'Angleterre, which was under police supervision. The financiers who had come to Russia at the request of the Tsar to negotiate a new loan were stopping at the Hotel de l'Europe. There were twenty-three representatives of the world's greatest bankers, including members of the firms of J. P. Morgan, Seligman, and Mendelsohn.

Hidden Stores of Arms.

At dinner we all naturally talked of the one topic which is uppermost in every Russian's mind to-day—the revolution.

"It is a mistake for anybody to assume," said my friend, "that this outbreak is just a sudden rising by a people who have reached the limit of human endurance. It is nothing of the sort. The great general rising is still in its infancy. There is secretly a town or village of any size which has not its hidden store of arms and ammunition in the charge of a capable local committee. At the right moment these arms will be distributed to volunteers, already drilled and eager to bear them, and on that day there is only one man in the world who can control that immense army. The Tsar, his misguided advisers, and Trepoif will be helpless."

"I am going," he said, "to show you the supreme revolutionary committee and the man who is the practical ruler of Russia to-day."

We passed in through a closely-guarded door. Inside my friend spoke a few words to a dark, keen-eyed man, and we were permitted to ascend the stairs.

Half Measures no Good.

A door was thrown open and we entered a great room. Round a large table some forty men of all grades, some wearing the sheepskin of the workers and others the furs of the aristocrats, were gathered, all intent upon a man who sat at the head.

He was a pale, quiet-looking man, about forty years of age, I should judge. He had the appearance of a professor, for he peered short-sightedly through a pair of spectacles. He was bald, and wore a little beard, suggesting a countess. "That man," whispered my friend, "is the president of the revolutionary committee. He is the man who will give Russia freedom."

We passed up the room and I was presented to him. He turned to me courteously, and for a minute or two we spoke of Russia's trouble. "The only way," he said, in a quiet, pleasant voice, "for this to end is for us to take the reins in our own hands. Half measures are no good now. The time is past for that. But this is not the last struggle I think. We must repeat it once or twice more, each time in a severer degree. Our aim is to get a real Constitution for Russia; we do not want a Republic."

Count Witte Not Trusted.

On November 1, I was advised to leave St. Petersburg. It was impossible to travel by train, for there is none for ordinary purposes.

After some hours of difficult negotiation the Finland Steamship Company's vessel, the *S. S. Olhous*, was chartered, and the financiers, after some delay, left the Neva for Stockholm, where they arrived on November 2. There the bankers were safely landed, and departed for Paris, Berlin, Vienna, London, and New York.

Russia can only emerge triumphant from the present ordeal by one method. Let the Tsar form a Government with the assistance of the able men, many of whom rank high in the social scale, who form the revolutionary committee. Then, and not till then, the country will be pacified.

Count Witte is somewhat better and more liberal-minded than his predecessors, but he is neither liked nor trusted. He is known to be an ambitious man, caring more for his position and power than for the good of the people. He will not remain long as Premier.

PINCH OF THE SHOE.

Bootsellers Will Cease to Deceive Buyers,
and Frankly Raise Prices.

In the majority of London boot and shoe shops this week notices will be put up of a general advance of prices.

The Association of Boot and Shoe Manufacturers recommends that an advance of from 5 to 10 per cent. should immediately take place.

"The price of leather," explained a manufacturer to the *Daily Mirror*, "has gone up 15 per cent. in the last three years, and 41 per cent. during the last twelve months. The trade has been feeling 'where the shoe pinches' for many months, and to a limited extent the public have suffered."

"It has not been possible to supply so good a boot for the same price as formerly. A man who has regularly paid 18s. 6d. for boots, for instance, has, during the last two years, been getting pairs that would previously have cost him 15s. But it is impossible any longer to continue this policy of deception."

"The result of the memorandum will be an immediate rise of about 2s. in the 41. To the better-class bootseller this will not be a serious matter. It is the shopkeeper in the poorer districts who will suffer."

So great is the poverty among the working classes just now that an increase of one shilling in the price of a pair of boots will, to many, mean all the difference between going about well-shod or with boots falling to pieces.

How prices have risen the following incident shows. A parcel of faded East India sheepskins bought by a London firm was refused because it was not quite up to the quality of the sample. The impostor who had sold the skins accordingly put them up for auction in the London market last week, and made £600 more than he would have done had the first sale been accepted.

NEW APPENDICITIS CURE.

Scientist Claims To Have Robbed the Disease
of Half Its Terrors.

Victims of appendicitis need have no fear of the surgeon's knife if the discovery of Dr. Moosbrugger, a German scientist, of Leutkirch, does all that he claims for it.

He has found a solution called "collangol"—a form of pure silver, soluble in water by the expenditure of a portion of which an operation is dispensed with.

Of seventy-two cases which came under his treatment all but two were cured without recourse to the knife. The exceptions were both very severe attacks.

Dr. Moosbrugger claims that every case of appendicitis, if promptly diagnosed, be it ever so acute and malignant, can be cured with collangol.

LONDON'S NEW MAYORS.

Notes About the Men Whom the Borough
Councils Have Honoured.

Some portraits of London's new mayors, in continuation of the series begun on Saturday, will be found on page 11.

Alderman E. P. Pascoe Williams, the Progressive Mayor of Greenwich, has resided in the borough for about twenty-two years. He is a director in the firm of Messrs. Merryweather and Sons, manufacturers of fire appliances.

Before being appointed Mayor of Poplar, Mr. J. Z. Cahill, who is a Moderate, had already filled many municipal offices in the borough and acted as vice-chairman of the guardians.

Born in Deptford, Mr. John Peppercorn has thoroughly qualified himself for the mayoral chair, although he has not been a member of the borough council. He sat for Greenwich in the London County Council as a Progressive.

Councillor J. George, chosen by the Camberwell Borough Council as chief, is well known in the district, having been in business there for some thirty years, and connected with municipal work for twenty. He is a Progressive.

Ten years' active participation in municipal work at St. Pancras has earned for Mr. G. Hickling, a Progressive, promotion to the mayoral chair.

Mr. H. Robson, the able head of the Kensington Council, is a Progressive, and Liberal candidate for Dundee. A Glasgow man, he has succeeded on the Stock Exchange, and has had his home for about thirty-six years in London.

NELSON STATUE'S FRACTURED ARM.

The arm of the Nelson statue—of course, the only one—has been fractured.

Instructions have been given for the fracture, which is not of an alarming nature, to be mended, and for a thorough renovation of the column and statue to take place.

King Edward has approved the appointment of the Marquis of Hertford to the Lieutenancy of the County of Warwick, in succession to the late Lord Leigh.

MORE L.C.C. MILLIONS.

Huge Electrical Experiment with
Ratepayers' Money.

COMMITTEE'S WARNING.

Millions more are about to be demanded by the London County Council from the helpless ratepayers, under a scheme that will be considered at the meeting of the Council to-morrow.

It is with the supply of electrical energy in London and the surrounding districts that the Council is asked to experiment this time.

But even the Council, whose touching faith in its administrative ability no exposure seems to shake, must pause on hearing the emphatic warning given by the Finance Committee in regard to this scheme.

In the first instance, estimates the Finance Committee, no less than £3,000,000 will be required for a large generating station with mains and subsidiary works.

Two Pertinent Questions.

This raises two questions: Are there reasonable grounds for thinking that the enterprise will be self-supporting, and can the capital required be raised without affecting the credit of the Council?

To the first the committee return a guarded reply. They consider it, to say the least, doubtful, and advise that, until some information as to the amount of support expected be forthcoming, it is "undesirable" that the Council commit itself.

As regards the second question, the committee point out that the Council, if it were to force larger amounts on the market than the investing public would readily absorb, would inevitably have to be content with a lower price for its issues, and the effect would speedily be detrimental.

In view of the enormous outlays already decided on, and apart from the risk which the "uncertain character" of the scheme involves, the Council think the Council should seek a solution of the problem that would not involve the raising of large sums in the future.

Steamboat Fiasco.

As for the Thames steamboat problem, it becomes every day more patent that London County Council extravagance has here achieved a scandalous fiasco.

Four of the London County Council steamers were stopped for the winter on Saturday. Their captains and crews were discharged, but were told that on the resumption of the full service in the spring they would be required again.

This action by the London County Council is, of course, in accordance with the decision made at last Tuesday's meeting to try a reduced service for one month.

On Saturday—a typical November day of leaden skies and frequent rain—the steamers were practically deserted. One boat brought only four passengers from Westminster to London Bridge.

Ratepayers will be interested to hear of a fresh instance of County Council extravagance.

During the summer the expenses in connection with the staff at Greenwich Pier have amounted to about £34 weekly. Before the L.C.C. took over the pier the expenses were only £12 weekly, although the steamer of the General Steam Navigation Company, the Thames Steamboat Company, and other lines used the pier.

RATES THAT SPELL RUIN.

More Paupers To Maintain and Children To
Educate in the Poorer Districts.

How heavily the burden of the rates presses on London's poorer districts is shown by figures just issued by the Southwark Borough Council.

The contrast between the rich and poor districts is seen in the following table:—

POOR DISTRICTS.	s. d.	RICH DISTRICTS.	s. d.
Bermondsey	4 8	Marylebone	3 2
Camberwell	4 8	Paddington	3 2
Shoreditch	4 2	Kingston	3 2
Stepney, from s. 10 to 4 ..	4 2	Hampton	3 2
Battersea	4 2	Chelsea	4 0
Bethnal Green	4 1	Westminster	2 11 to 3 8
Deptford	4 0		

"With every winter," said a Poplar guardian to the *Daily Mirror*, "the problem of the rates becomes more pressing."

"While so much sympathy is being extended to the unemployed, it would be well to remember the retailers in working-class districts. Hundreds are being ruined. It is their custom to give weekly credit, without which they would do little trade. But they cannot extend high prices to compensate for this. The bad debts they make are a dead loss."

WORKMEN RESCUE A LITTLE PRINCESS

Two working men have had the privilege of rescuing a little princess in distress near Sandringham.

Hunting for a terrier which had accompanied her on a cycle spin and was lost, Little Princess Mary was caught fast in a bramble-thicket, and was unable to get out until two working men passing espied her and lifted her out.

LADIES TO SCRUB.

Vicar Makes a Quaint Proposition to
His Congregation.

Apparently to shame the congregation of St. Bartholomew's, Stamford Hill, into giving more to the church, the vicar, the Rev. W. Goddard, is going to act as a stoker.

He and the churchwarden are concerned that they should be "sweating" the vergers and his wife, who, for 12s. a week, have a multiplicity of duties to perform. Even with this "sweating system," he says in the *Church Messenger*, the expenses amount to £3 10s. a week, while the offerings on Sunday often amount to only about £1 10s.

"So," he announces, "I will do the stoking and set free the vergers to earn a living wage. This I will gladly do if the congregation will excuse my grubby hands when I celebrate the Holy Eucharist and say the daily offices."

"I must plead that the ladies of the congregation take it in turns to do the scrubbing, and the gentlemen the pumping. If we can do this, we might save about 10s. a week in our expenses."

"This labour," he concludes caustically, "will be far more acceptable to God than the halfpennies placed in the offertory bags, while those who pass the bag service after service might perhaps be induced to dust their own chairs and wipe their own feet."

GERMAN PLAYS IN LONDON.

A Drama by Bjornsen at the Great Queen-
street Theatre.

At the Great Queen-street Theatre on Saturday Bjornsen's drama entitled "A Bankruptcy" was admirably acted in German.

The play is strongly written. Tjalde, the proud and once prosperous timber merchant, has been caught by the tide of ruin, and in order to stem it is induced to issue a false balance-sheet. But his fraud is discovered, and he finds himself apparently lost.

The situation is tragic. Tjalde has gained much and lost much; his friends, whom he had helped, he finds he has ruined; he himself must have frozen the faith which his own family had placed in him. He contemplates suicide, then flight; but forgets to seek salvation in the few things left him—in his wife's love, the devotion of his daughter, or the help of the friends who remain. Secretly these springs of life well up around him, and enable him to start a new life; and in the last act we are given a glimpse of the humbled man patiently working out his salvation.

"LUCKY MISS DEAN."

Amusing Little Play Successfully Revived at
the Haymarket.

Everyone remarked at the Haymarket Theatre on Saturday that Mr. Charles Hawtrey's long stay in America has made him fatter. Fortunately, it seems to have made him funnier as well.

He plays the poor but dishonest artist in Mr. Bowkett's "Lucky Miss Dean" very amusingly indeed. The ingenious little play, which was seen for a few weeks at the Criterion in the summer, goes capably, and is none the worse for having been relieved of a few "risky" lines.

Miss Jessie Bateman is properly covered as the artist's wife, who (for purposes of advertisement) is supposed to have come into a fortune, and, thereupon, not only has her allowance from an uncle and aunt stopped, but finds her flat besieged by unwelcome visitors.

Mr. Dennis Eadie gets a great effect out of one of these suitors' peculiarities, and Miss Kate Serjeantson is good as the aunt. Altogether a most attractive little piece.

SANDBAGGED IN THE CITY.

Savage Attack on a Young Clerk in a Dark
Entry—Bag of Money Stolen.

A reward of £25 is offered by Messrs. Ede, Allom, and Townsend, printers and engravers, of Southwark Bridge-buildings, for information leading to the arrest of those who assaulted one of their clerks and robbed him of a bag containing £324 for wages.

He had to make a call in Newgate-street, and while walking along a dark passage was rendered unconscious by a blow from a sandbag.

He was conveyed to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where he was found to be suffering from concussion of the brain. His bag had disappeared.

CREW DROWNED OR MURDERED.

No trace of the crew of between thirty and forty men of the *Claverdale*, lost on a voyage from Hong Kong to Vladivostok, has been found by the expedition which visited the plundered wreck on the coast to the south of the Russian port.

It is supposed that the men were drowned or murdered by the natives.

BISHOP ON FAITH HEALING.

Dr. Ingram Gives a Remarkable Case from His Own Experience.

"There is certainly in one's inmost being the power to get well," said the Bishop of London in introducing a speaker on "Christian Science" to a meeting of women at Church House on Saturday.

"When visiting the sick you should try to influence and strengthen that inmost being. But to hold the extreme beliefs held by Christian scientists is to magnify a great truth into a gigantic heresy."

In illustration the Bishop related a true incident which had come under his notice. The wife of one of his clergymen was recently faced with the appalling prospect of having within two days to undergo an operation which might cost her her life.

When he (the Bishop) called upon her he found her in a state of moral collapse; partly owing to fear and partly to other causes her faith and hope were entirely gone, and the physicians and surgeons recognised that it would be impossible for the operation to be performed while she was in that state.

When Courage Dies Down.

He would pass over the sacred half-hour that he spent with her; but it was a fact that two days later she walked from her room to the operating table without a quiver.

The surgeons exclaimed: "What has the Bishop of London done to you?" She replied in simple, straightforward words, "Something which none of you could have done."

To her inmost being, where the faith and the hope and the courage had died down and crumbled, with God's help alone, he had brought that reinvigoration of her central being which she needed, and the effect of bringing the power of God to her central being brought back again her faith, her hope, and her courage, and she became again a Christian woman who could look death and trial in the face. She died clearly over her cure directly to the power of Christ himself.

Duty of the Clergy.

The clergy ought to approach the besidings of the sick with far more faith; they ought to pray for the recovery and lay hands on them with far more expectancy that they would recover; in doing their sick visiting they ought to look with far more hope for the recovery of the patient, and not look alone to the preparation of the soul for death.

In concluding the meeting the Bishop made a somewhat startling appeal. He entreated those amongst his audience who had the gift of healing never to attempt to exercise it apart from the medical profession. A doctor's visit was as sacred as the clergyman's, but while recognising this they might take care that the doctor on his side did not exclude the clergyman.

BLIND RECTOR SENTENCED.

Judge Holds Dead Wife Partly To Blame for Husband's Downfall.

The Rev. W. McGowan, the blind rector of Nevendon, Essex, was sentenced at the Chelmsford Assizes on Saturday to six months' hard labour on a charge of grave misconduct, to which he pleaded guilty.

Under somewhat sensational circumstances, McGowan's young wife recently committed suicide. She had conceived a romantic fondness for a lady friend, and had greatly worried herself over the latter's ill-health. Mrs. McGowan and her friend died within a day or two of each other.

Mr. Justice Grantham, passing sentence, said the extreme friendship McGowan's wife and for another lady, and the fact that they died almost simultaneously, was something to be said in extenuation. If his wife had been more attentive to him than to her female friend she might have saved him.

PAUPER CLAIMS PEER'S ESTATES.

A second claim to the estates of Lord Howe at Storrington (Sussex) and to £50,000 in Chancery, is to be made by Henry Ayling, alias Marshall, an inmate of the Windsor Workhouse.

A few years ago he ineffectually spent £1,000, advanced him by a Windsor alderman, to support his claim, but is confident that on this occasion he will succeed.

GUARDIAN'S SLAPPED FACE.

An unusual application was made to the Thames Police Court magistrate on Saturday when Mr. Diamond, a Poplar guardian, asked for a summons for assault against a lady colleague, who, he said, had smacked his face twice at committee meetings.

The magistrate granted the summons, but told him that if he could not prove his charge he might have to pay costs.

Claims for compensation to a very considerable amount have poured into the town clerk's office from indignant householders as a consequence of last week's "raze" at Cambridge.

MURDER TO ADVERTISE A BOOK.

Mr. Terry, Who Shot a Chinaman in New Zealand, Ceases To Be Partner of a London Firm.

HIS CAREER OF ADVENTURE.

MESSRS. TERRY and Co., Estate Agents and Mortgage Brokers, of 29, Glasshouse-st., W., hereby give notice that they have this day admitted into PARTNERSHIP Mr. CECIL FRANK TERRY, in consequence of the termination of the partnership as regards Mr. Edward Lionel Terry by effluxion of time.

Few of the many people who saw the above advertisement in Saturday's "Times" could have guessed that the Edward Lionel Terry mentioned in it was the young author who is now awaiting his trial in New Zealand on the charge of shooting an aged Chinaman in order to advertise a book.

Yet so it is. The fire-looking man who walked into Wellington police station a few weeks ago and confessed that he had murdered a Chinaman so that the Yellow Peril, referred to in his book, "The Shadow," might receive greater attention, is the son of a West End house-agent.

Edward Lionel Terry, who will be tried for his life at Wellington next week, is a handsome, dark-haired man 6ft. 3in. in height and thirty-one years of age. His father, who is descended from a French refugee named Edouard Thierry, who landed on the coast of Kent during the Revolution, declares that he has in his veins the blood of the great Napoleon.

The Will of Napoleon.

"Sir Hubert Jernyngham was among those who have remarked upon my likeness to Napoleon," Mr. Terry told the *Daily Mirror* on Saturday, "and now the inflexible will of the conqueror of Europe has been reproduced in my son."

"I never knew him to turn aside from any course he started upon. Popular as he was, no one could break his will. He would have his own way."

The man who dared to risk his life in calling attention to the Yellow Peril was born at Sandwich, where his father was engaged in the attempt to introduce into England such farming industries as the growing of the sugar beet and the flax plant. After enlisting on his side such men as Lord Granville, however, Mr. Terry relinquished his schemes in disgust and came to London and took up his residence in Great Portland-street.

His son Lionel, one of eleven children, was sent to school at Merton College, Wimbledon, where, under M. de Chastelaine, he became a boy who, to use his father's words, "could do anything." At seventeen he entered the City offices of the West Indian Gold Mining Company, in order that he might learn business methods and join his father, who had opened an estate agency in Pall Mall. But the love of an active life was in him, and at twenty-one he enlisted in a line regiment without his father's knowledge.

Soldier and Artist Too.

He was afterwards transferred into the "Blues," where he increased his great popularity by the use of the considerable artistic powers with which he was endowed.

Defying the rules, he covered the walls of the Windsor barracks with drawings. The chaplain of the regiment, indeed, was so pleased with a caricature of himself that he cut out the plaster on which it was drawn and had it framed.

Lionel Terry had done two or three years of soldiering when his father bought him out, took him into partnership, and tried to induce him to settle down to business.

But the blood of the rover was in his veins. "I can't stay in London, father," he said. "I can't breathe here."

So it was that, ten years ago, he went to South Africa, joined the Mounted Police, and served in the Matabele war. During this time he managed to take part in fifteen engagements, get wounded twice, and make an intimate friend of Cecil Rhodes, who thought very highly of him.

Then he returned to London and tried once more to settle down to the humdrum life of the City. For two years he wore a tall hat, but then he threw it away and went roving again.

A World-Wanderer.

Germany was first visited, but he soon sailed for Dominica, where he spent weeks in exploring the almost unknown interior. He then presented the island with a large map of the unknown region, and was offered a medal as an acknowledgment of official thanks. "I am not content with such silly-bowls at present," he wrote his father.

New York, Honolulu, and British Columbia were then visited. In the latter place he became the secretary of the Miners' Protection Union, and first showed his anti-Chinaman bias.

In a letter sent to the "Nainamoo Free Press" in January, 1901, he declared that the lack of employ-

ment was due to the unscrupulous actions and inordinate greed of the Premier of British Columbia, who would conceal beneath his much-vaunted anti-Mongolian mask a despicable scheme to force, by means of poverty and starvation, the men on whom future generations of Canada depend to accept Chinamen's wages.

Then he went to Australasia, and earned his bread by mining and farming and prospecting for gold. He spent months in walking, tramping across the country in the attempt to study the political and economic situation.

The Hated Chinaman.

His first book, "God Is Gold," was the next expression of his fear that the prospects of New Zealand were being undermined by the advent of the Chinaman. He wrote and lectured and argued, but almost all in vain.

Vandalism, too—the destruction of the natural beauties of the country for the sake of a very doubtful utilitarianism—was another of the windmills against which he levelled his argumentative lance. Then his book, "The Shadow," was published at his own expense, and illustrated by his own hand.

But the book did not sell as he thought it would. People were too busy engaged in making money to care about the Chinaman.

"I am going to make a name for myself," he wrote to his father, "but I don't want you to appear connected with me, for it may harm you." Then it is alleged, he walked into one of the main streets of Wellington, shot a Chinaman who was too old to care much about his life, and returning to his hotel, wrote to Lord Plunkett, the Governor, that he had committed murder "to bring the alien question before the public eye," and gave himself up.

Whatever the result of his trial may be, the fact will remain that Lionel Terry is a clever man, who had the courage of his convictions.

THE BOOK THAT COST A LIFE.

Mr. Terry's verse-book, "The Shadow," is remarkable in more ways than one. It has the bounding vigor and force to be found in the outpourings of an ardent and not too well-balanced nature on a subject long passionately brooded over.

It exhibits, also, the slips in literary art bound to be made by a writer who, with no previous literary training, attempts the poetical expression of a great theme.

Mr. Terry's inspiration has been the incalculable evils—and not he alone—believes have been entailed in the true interests of the British Empire by the introduction of the yellow races into our Colonies, and especially by the employment of yellow labour in the African gold mines.

His pamphlet falls into four divisions. It opens with a really fine bit of verse entitled "The Prayer," which runs as follows:—

When the great God God, advancing, shall inherit all
When our country shall be governed by the slave,
When love and truth and honour shall be strangled at
And the noblest shall have won the felon's grave.

When our land shall be polluted by the outcast of the earth,
When corruption rages rampant at its root,
When our leaders snuff their duty for the halls of reckless mirth,<

And blinded blood shall bear its shameful fruit,
When our land shall seek defenders midst an alien kith and kin,
And shall writhe beneath a scourge of civil strife;

When a mighty hybrid nation shall have won the wage of sin,
Spare us, O God, the bitter curse of life!

The prose "Introduction" which precedes the poem of "The Shadow" does not err on the side of moderation of statement, but it is more calmly expressed, and therefore a more valuable contribution to the subject under consideration. The bulk of the matter is touched in such sentences as this:—

"That the employment of alien labour in British industrial and commercial enterprises represents a criminal injustice to the British workman, who is forced thereby into a competition for existence with an opponent whose cheap and low methods secure for him an overwhelming advantage."

Mr. Terry is in his right when he speaks with bitter indignation of the locked-out British workmen who were kept on the verge of starvation throughout a whole Canadian winter in order to compel them to work for Chinamen's wages.

He quotes several similar instances of injustice and greed on the part of Colonial capitalists. Photographs will be found on page 9.

LOUD VOICES AT THE WAR OFFICE.

It is reported, says the "Military Mail," that the War Secretary had a noisy argument in his room recently with the present Chief of the General Staff, Lieutenant-General Lyttelton, who was heard to say he would not stand "it" any longer.

"ALL BLACKS" WIN.

New Zealanders Score Against Richmond Their Eighteenth Success.

SPECIAL BY TOUCH JUDGE.

The game between the New Zealanders and Richmond on Saturday ended just as the man in the street would have predicted—another New Zealand victory. The New Zealanders did not achieve a notable triumph at Richmond, but gained a comfortable win by a goal and four tries to nothing. Just an ordinary kind of win for them, and their eighteenth of the tour.

On Saturday the Colonialists rested several of their best players—Roberts, Gillett, McGregor, and Smith, of the back division, and Cunningham, Seeling, and Sullivan, of the forwards, all standing down. They could afford to put an A team into the field. The Richmond fifteen had done nothing this season to suggest they were a dangerous side.

Richmond's Vigorous Scrumming.

Richmond have a capital pack of forwards, and they rendered an excellent account of themselves. For half an hour they scrummaged splendidly, and by their vigorous methods prevented the New Zealand forwards from exercising any particular control over the ball. Directly their advantage in that respect disappeared, Richmond were a lost side.

Once the New Zealand front rank were able to play into the hands of their backs, the issue was not long in doubt. Their superior speed, ingenuity, and cleverness told the inevitable tale—as it has always told. Directly their chances came along the Colonial backs snapped them up. The field seemed alive with the New Zealand backs, who ran, passed, and altered their tactics with that rapidity which has been the bewilderment of their opponents.

Richmond were quickly thrown in a disorganised state, and the versatile Hunter—a veritable Arthur Dodger—this time was performing at half-back in the absence of Roberts, promptly wormed his way through the defence.

Hunter's Smart Tactics.

Five minutes later Hunter, seeing that Wallace was unmarked, threw out to the wing three-quarter, who had no difficulty in eluding Glover, the Richmond full-back, and at half-time New Zealand were six points to the good.

Forcing the pace in the second half the Colonial carried all before them—in the following twenty minutes, adding three more tries. And outpaced the clock in the race to the half, Downs after a clever upkick dashed through a flash, and Wallace raced by on the outside.

The Richmond halves and three-quarters tackled and kicked well, but their best work was of the negative kind. They repelled several dangerous attacks, but did not convey the impression of being able to score themselves.

MR. P. F. WARNER'S PROPHECY.

South Africa Will Send a Cricket Eleven as Strong as Australia's.

It was a merry party that gathered at Waterloo Station on Saturday to bid farewell to the Marylebone Cricket Club's team for South Africa.

Mr. P. F. Warner captained the team, the other members of which are:—Messrs. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, F. L. Fane, J. N. Crawford, J. C. Hartley, L. J. Moon, Captain Wynyard, Blythe Board, Haigh, Hayes, Reel, Lees, and Denton. It is a thoroughly sound eleven, but not, of course, as Mr. Warner pointed out to the *Daily Mirror*, a really representative one.

"We hope to win," he said, "but I am sorry the M.C.C. could not see their way to send out an eleven thoroughly representative of England's strength."

It would have encouraged the South Africans, and would probably have hastened the time when they will be able to send a team at least as good as the Australians. And that, in any case, let me tell you, will be in the course of a very few years."

BUSINESS WITH NO BOOKS.

A sum of £4,000 is said, by the prosecution, to be involved in a charge of "conspiracy" brought at the Tower Bridge Police Court on Saturday against William Davenport, fifty-four, ship-owner, of 147, Stamford-street, and Vyvyan Henry Moyer, seventy-one, described as a clergyman, whose address was refused. A remand was ordered.

The allegations are associated with the "South and South-West Coast Steam Trawling Fishing Syndicate." Money collected for the concern was recorded in no books.

Bishop Thornton, assistant Bishop of Manchester, has informed the Blackburn Rural Deanery that the Bishop of Manchester is opposed to churchmen moving for Church reform. He differed from that view, as he feels that he cannot defend the Church without admitting defects.

EARL AND COUNTESS AGREE.

It was announced in court on Saturday that an arrangement had been arrived at between the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury, whose affairs have been the subject of litigation in the High Court for the past three or four days.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—
12, WHITEKLARS-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 2100 Holborn.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflected," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 5, Place de la Madeleine.

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1905.

THE QUEEN'S GIFT.

WE have a fresh reason this morning to be proud of and thankful for our Royal Family. Once more Queen Alexandra has touched the heart of the nation by her womanly pity for the poor. Once more she stirs us to action by her prompt and practical sympathy and good sense.

The Unemployed Bill which the Government introduced last session proposed to permit public funds to be devoted to Labour colonies. Mr. Balfour dropped this part of the measure, and since then he has evidently changed his mind on the subject, for he told the Women's Deputation last Monday that the Unemployed must depend on charity.

At the Mansion House the Prime Minister repeated this, and made an appeal to the charitable. But he did not indicate any channel through which their money might flow. There was talk of the Lord Mayor starting a Fund. But while men were thinking, a woman acted. Queen Alexandra has started a Fund herself.

She appeals to all charitably-disposed people in the Empire, both men and women, to assist her in alleviating the sufferings of the poor, starving Unemployed during this winter. She heads the list herself with a donation of £2,000.

Now it may be said without impertinence—and it is just as well it should be said—that this sum represents a real act of self-sacrifice and generosity on the Queen's part. The Royal Family are not a rich family. Considering the constant calls upon them, their income is not at all a large one. For the Queen to give £2,000 means literally that she thinks more of others than she does of herself. She would rather spend a really big slice of her strictly limited income in helping the Unemployed than spend it upon her own comfort.

That is the true spirit of Love (Charity, you recollect, really means Love); and it is impossible that her Majesty's words, so simple, yet so charged with emotion, should not go straight home to the hearts of all the British race. The success of the Unemployed Fund this winter is assured.

There are, however, two points still to be borne in mind. One is that the money ought to be used so as to do the greatest possible amount of permanent good. It ought not to be frittered away upon momentary measures of relief, as previous Unemployed Funds have been.

Could not we start a Labour Colony system such as they have in certain parts of Germany, where the excellent principle prevails: "If a man will not work neither shall he eat"? Women and children—they must be given food and warmth and shelter, whether husbands and fathers are deserving or not. But to support in idleness men who are able to work—that would only make the situation worse instead of better.

The other point to remember is, that Charity cannot be relied upon for ever to stave off the solution of the Problem of the Poor. For one thing, the charitable are not the many, but the few. How long will a small section of the community continue to deny itself for the benefit of the nation? For another thing, it is not Charity that the Unemployed ask for. It is Justice.

The question every sensible man and woman is asking to-day is: Why are there so many Unemployed? It is not a temporary evil. It has been steadily growing worse for many years. To be content with merely raising Charitable Funds winter after winter is like the conduct of a man who treats repeated serious symptoms of disease with Pain-killer or Corn-cure, without going to a doctor and finding out what he can do to stop them altogether.

H. H. F.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

An aim in life is the only fortune worth the finding; and it is not to be found in foreign lands, but in the heart itself.—R. L. Stevenson.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THERE is no doubt that the illness of the Grand Duke of Luxembourg is a serious affair, for he is in his nineteenth year, and has not been very strong since the serious carriage accident which happened to him a few years ago in Paris. He was driving in the Bois with his friend, the Baron von Dyck, when the horses took fright at an unusually alarming-looking motor-car—motor-cars were then, besides, not so common as they are now—and bolted. The carriage turned a corner sharply, upset, and the Grand Duke was terribly bruised about the head and back. The fact that he recovered so well as he did from the shock shows that he must have had a sufficiently hearty constitution.

* * *

But he seems to those who meet him for the first time now to be rather a pathetic figure. He looks exactly like some caricature of a German beer-drinking philosopher, or a figure out of Grimm, as he sits smoking the longest of possible pipes on his high-backed settle, or is wheeled about in his bath-chair at Luxembourg. His goggles, his immense moustache, and bent figure conceal a refined and kindly nature. Two years ago he was passing a season at a little Italian watering-place,

He rang the bell and asked the servant to say that a woman in very reduced circumstances desired to see the lady of the house. When he was shown in he burst out laughing, and the aunt, divided between amusement and surprise, was obliged to forgive him, after all.

* * *

The late Sir George Williams could scarcely have hoped for a more sympathetic eulogist than Archdeacon Sinclair, a "muscular Christian" like himself, who spoke about his life work, before a large congregation, at St. Paul's Cathedral yesterday. Strong, cheerful, a churchman with no nonsense about him, the Archdeacon's personality is well suited to attract the young. He is an excellent raconteur, and I have heard him tell many amusing anecdotes about his own experiences. Once, before that discreet society, the Semi-Theatrical Pledge Association, he said that he had been asked, not long before, to take a service for a brother clergyman who was ill.

* * *

This clergyman was a bachelor, and had told his servant to see that the Archdeacon had a good lunch. The servant brought an excellent meal, "which," said the Archdeacon, "I enjoyed very much." After lunch she produced a bottle of

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE DELUSIONS.



The Bishop of London denounces Christian Science as a gigantic heresy. One of the tenets of the "Scientists" is that people are not ill, but only think they are ill. When the "Scientists" occasion the death of a victim through their fatuous blundering they should be imprisoned. This could not be a hardship from their standpoint, as it might be explained to them that they were not really in prison, but only thought they were.

and, as he was wheeled along the esplanade every morning, he made friends with an old beggar who stood by the edge of the pavement.

* * *

One morning he noticed that the beggar was gone. Inquiries were made, and it turned out that the poor fellow had died of pneumonia. The Grand Duke found out the date and hour of the funeral, provided himself with a magnificent wreath, and insisted upon following the body of his beggar friend to his last home. It was an amazing funeral—the poor coffin with the splendid flowers on it, the white-haired patriarch in uniform following, and a host of burgomasters, civic dignitaries, and soldiers winding up the procession.

* * *

It would be hard to find a more original and disconcerting person than the Mr. Lionel Terry who is about to be tried for shooting a Chinaman in order to call attention, in that unorthodox manner, to the imminence of the Yellow Danger. His life seems to have been enlivened by a series of such eccentric actions. He is, as those who have followed his story know, an unusually tall man—at least 6ft. 3in. - some years ago he mortally offended an aunt of his by one of his pranks, and the good lady vowed never to speak to him again. He was equally determined that she should. Accordingly he dressed himself up as a poor woman, and walked, pursued by the criticisms of a crowd which had never seen a woman of such dimensions before, to his aunt's house in London.

claret, and she asked, "And what will you take to drink, sir? Master says as how you're not a temperate gentleman." She meant temperance, of course, but the mistake put the other's friendship in a most unfavourable light.

* * *

All lovers of modernity in art will be sorry to hear of the illness of Eugene Carrière, the famous French painter of portraits veiled in mist. Carrière's work has several times been shown in England, and as a young man he came over here to work. During the time he spent in London he was often in the direst poverty. He tells a story which throws light upon the kind of hardship so many great men have to endure before reaching success. He was invited one night to dine with a certain wealthy and influential person in the West End, and he could not afford to give offence by refusing the invitation.

* * *

Carrière had lodgings at that time near the Crystal Palace, and when the night of the dinner came he found that he had only a few pence left—just enough, in fact, to buy a ticket to town. It was raining, and it would not have done to arrive in evening dress stained by the rain and mud, so he spent his last penny on the ticket. But after the dinner and the evening spent in the rich man's house, with every luxury around him, he had to start back over the long distance to his lodgings on foot. He arrived, weary and wet, just as dawn was coming over the houses.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

UNIVERSITY RACING—A DEFENCE.

I wish, as an eye-witness of the events, to protest against the much-exaggerated and very unfair accounts which have been given in the papers of the King's birthday celebrations at Cambridge.

I see it stated that "two policemen were handcuffed." As a matter of fact, only one was so treated, and not by members of this university, but by the town roughs, who invariably do their utmost to turn harmless and peaceful demonstrations into destructive riots.

I do not mean to excuse the gowmsmen of what was undoubtedly most discreditable behaviour, but I must say that to credit them with such acts as unprompted attacks on the police and maltreating of women is a gross libel.

I may also add that it has not been pointed out that a collection of £225 7s. 6d. was made among the undergraduates and placed at the disposal of the town authorities to defray the cost of the damage done.

A THIRD-YEAR MAN.

The Union Society, Cambridge.

ITALIAN BUILDING MATERIALS.

The architectural world would rise up in a body if the Unemployed were to endeavour to shut out the importation of marble, terra-cotta, and the many varieties of wood and other materials used in the construction of buildings, for the simple reason that we cannot obtain them in England. Besides, the material imported from Italy comes over in English ships, and is lightered and carted by English labour. The work is executed by trade union bricklayers and labourers, and the firms represented in the trade are English.

Your correspondent is not observant of such materials as asphalt, mosaic, terrazzo, and similar materials which are not only manufactured abroad, but are actually fixed by foreign labourers.

ALBERT C. FREEMAN (Architect).

73, Finsbury-pavement, E.C.

LIVING WITHOUT WORKING.

Does not "Pulex Irritans" know that the source of all wealth is labour? It follows from this elementary fact that all who live without working live on the labour of others, and are therefore fitly termed parasites.

Capital is no doubt essential to the very existence of a civilised community, but it does not follow that it should be possessed in vast quantities by private individuals. Any benefits derived from capital must be attributed to the labour which produced, rather than to individuals who, through no effort of their own, happen to possess it.

It is not the case that the capitalist assists the labourer by giving him work. The labourer assists the capitalist by producing the capital.

Chapter-road, Willesden Green. E. J. HUNT.

FAIRY TALES.

I should recommend the reading of fairy stories to purely English children, as it is a well-known fact that the Anglo-Saxon race is devoid of imagination, and that is worse than having too much of a gift so often troublesome.

The Scottish, too, might indulge in them, as they have all the "gritty" qualities to counter-balance fairy stuff.

But I should certainly prohibit the reading and teaching of fairy lore to Irish children and to the Latin races as most detrimental. A SCOFFER.

Lyndhurst, Hanis.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

The King of Greece.

HE is Queen Alexandra's brother, and for that reason, if for no other, will be received with a cordiality which we generally keep for old friends, when he arrives in England to-day.

King George is a very up-to-date monarch, with little or no formality about him. Kings in old days (so we read in the history books) were set apart from the ordinary race of men, high up on their thrones, solitary and inaccessible people. But the modern king—unless he happen to be the modern Caesar, too—likes nothing better than to escape from the throne, and the sceptre, and to imagine himself one of the crowd.

King George has always shared this taste for privacy. When he took over the crown of Greece (which had succeeded to Queen Victoria on behalf of Prince Albert) some forty years ago, he did so nonchalantly, as though he had been offered the loan of another man's house for a season. And he has always ruled his people like a familiar friend, walking about the streets of Athens almost unaccompanied, swinging his walking-stick cheerfully, the very type, like his father, the King of Denmark, of an accomplished country gentleman.

IN MY GARDEN.

NOVEMBER 12.—Bulbs, if they are to flower well next year, must be planted at once, and before the soil becomes quite cold, hardy plants for blooming in the spring should be put in.

Great care should now be taken in arranging border edges, which should be a beautiful feature in every garden. Turf, when well kept, makes a charming edging to a long bed; large stones, over which rock plants creep, can also be used. But for a sunny, dry border, thrift (sea pink) is perhaps the most useful subject for planting round the margin, while in damp, shady positions, "London Pride" is always satisfactory. E. F. T.

CAMERAGRAPHS

LADY SHREWSBURY LEAVING THE LAW COURTS.



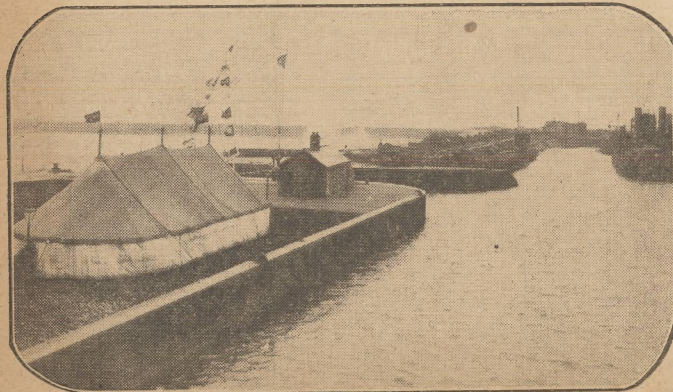
The suit which the Countess of Shrewsbury brought against her husband, England's premier Earl, was amicably settled. The Earl stated, through his counsel, that he was quite willing to perform all his obligations. The photograph shows Lady Shrewsbury (marked with an X) leaving the Law Courts.

SNAPSHOT OF LADY SHREWSBURY IN THE RAIN.



The Countess of Shrewsbury arriving at the Law Courts in a downpour of rain. She had brought an action against her husband concerning an agreement made in 1896, by which the Earl promised to allow her £4,000 a year. Alton Towers, the family country seat, is to be suitably kept up for her use.

MAGNIFICENT NEW HARBOUR AT SEAHAM,



Opened by the Prime Minister on Saturday. It is the property of Lord Londonderry in Durham. It is estimated that 2,000,000 tons of coal per annum will in future be shipped from this new harbour.



CURRENT

NEW INDOOR RIFLE RANGE AT WAN



Lord Roberts opening a new indoor rifle range at Earlsfield on Saturday. The range is twenty-five yards in length, and has cost about £200. Eight marksmen can shoot at a time.

TORCHLIGHT TATTOO AT T



Instead of celebrating his Majesty's birthday, as usual, with a display of fireworks, the enthusiastic crowds watched the performance, whilst the bands gave an exce

PATHETIC SCENES OF THE T



The photograph shows crowds at Odessa waiting at the hospital to obtain news of their friends and relatives who had been slain or wounded in the terrible revolution. (Specially taken for the *Daily Mirror*.)

EVENTS IN PICTURES



SWORTH OPENED BY LORD ROBERTS.



Lady Eileen Roberts firing the first shot at the Borough of Wandsworth Rifle Club at Earlsfield. During the last three months thirty-five new clubs have been affiliated to the Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs.

THE DUKE OF YORK'S SCHOOL.



Officers of the Duke of York's Royal Military School gave a torchlight tattoo at Chelsea. Entertainment programme of popular martial airs.—(Taken at night by the *Daily Mirror*.)

THE HORRIBLE MASSACRE IN ODESSA.



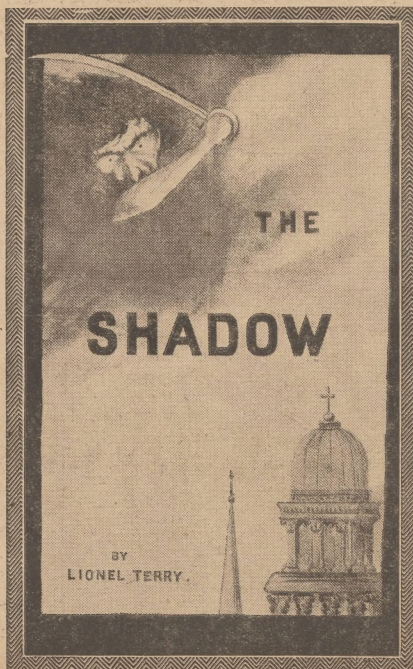
Photograph showing the deep trenches in which the victims of the desperate conflicts in Odessa were buried. The slain were heaped in the trenches and buried en masse.—(Photograph specially taken for the *Daily Mirror*.)

Killed a Chinaman TO ADVERTISE A BOOK AGAINST CHINESE.



Mr. Lionel Terry, the young author who shot a Chinaman at Wellington, New Zealand, to call attention to the *Yellow Peril*, concerning which he had written in his book, called "The Shadow." He is the son of a well-known estate agent in the West End of London.

TITLE PAGE OF "THE SHADOW."



Photograph of the drawing on the cover of the book, drawn by Mr. Lionel Terry, the author who shot a Chinaman in New Zealand to advertise it.

MR. EDWARD TERRY,



Father of the young author awaiting his trial in Wellington (New Zealand) Gaol.

'THE WOMAN TEMPTED ME.'

By ANNIE AUMONIER.

CHARACTERS OF THE STORY.

RICHARD BALSHAW, supposed to be a wealthy traveller—in reality Ronald Cartairs, an exchange manager, newly released from prison, after serving four years for extensive fraud.

ROSE KING, a beautiful girl of poor birth, passionately in love with Cartairs.

CLARK MAINWARING, a charming young girl, whom Richard Balshaw loves. She became engaged to Ivor Armytage during Balshaw's supposed absence abroad.

DETECTIVE-SERGEANT VANCE, a clever and ambitious officer.

AN UNKNOWN LADY.

JOHN PYM, secretary to "Mr. Richard Balshaw," alias Ronald Cartairs.

MRS. WILBRAHAM, a fascinating widow.

COLONEL MAPPERLEY, an old Anglo-Indian officer.

CHAPTER XIII. (continued).

It was a tremendous moment.

Pym had voiced the silent workings of Balshaw's conscience, and was appealing to him as a man. It was not a question now of baffling a detective, probing a woman's secret, or strengthening the foundations of an audacious lie. For the nonce these things were overshadowed by a far greater issue. It was no longer a question of the wisdom or unwisdom of a certain course of action, but of life and death.

"Come," whispered Pym. "Let us go out into the wider world—you and I—and grasp its wonders and its joys, and leave this woman alone!"

"I go back to Leicester-to-morrow!" The words came, sharp and staccato, from Balshaw's lips. They represented the decision of a man whose mind was made up irrevocably.

Again a moon, that whimpered away into nothing, went out from Pym. He had made his effort and failed. His eyes dulled with a look of hopelessness. His head sank forward a little—he was the slave of the lamp again, ready to throw in his lot with the man whose will was stronger than his own, whom he worshipped with a devotion that was based on the surest of all foundations, gratitude; yet a devotion that was not blind. All his intellect and his infinite capacity for taking pains were at Balshaw's disposal. The man who was capable of inspired verse had spent hours and hours patiently hanging around Scotland Yard like a private detective, in order to solve the identity of Detective-sergeant Vance. And, as well as this, he was patiently barrowing his way through an underground labyrinth of crime and crookedness in an endeavour to solve the relations between Mrs. Wilbraham, fascinating woman of society and famed hostess, who had entertained royalty, and Burke Foskett, sentenced to ten years' penal servitude for a "long-firm" swindle. He was the "ghost" in the background, gathering details and forging weapons for the master mind, and not accounting its degradation.

"We won't waste time in further argument, John," said Balshaw, and the other man, watching him, saw an expression of brutalism creep across his face. "Only this, my motive in going back is not entirely selfish. I've work to do."

"Work?" echoed the slave of the lamp.

"I want to find out," came back the quiet answer, "what is the chain that binds Clare to Ivor Armytage—and then snap it!"

After that the two men sat up late into the night, the slave of the lamp listening, absorbing, and analysing, the other man talking quietly. When, at last, they sought their rooms, both looked tired from the prolonged spell of close mental concentration; yet it was only with the assistance of morphia that Pym found sleep.

But he was up betimes, and nine o'clock saw him, rather leaden-eyed and his worn, intellectual features unhealthily pale, drudging through the voluminous correspondence brought by the post. He was in full possession of the happening that had crowded Balshaw's few days' stay at Postern Abbey.

"A person giving the name of Vance," said a tastefully-dressed manservant, entering the room, "would be glad if Mr. Balshaw could see him for a few moments."

"Vance?"

"There was a slight stutter in Pym's voice as he told the man to ask Mr. Vance to wait. Then he hurried to Balshaw's rooms. Balshaw was in bed, and yawned sleepily as Pym roused him.

"Vance is here," whispered the slave of the lamp. "Vance. He wants to see you. I shall say that you are not up yet, and ask him to wait."

Balshaw straightened up in bed. "It's this accursed burglary business," he muttered. "They wanted to see me, last night. No, don't send him away. Send him up here to me."

"Send him up here?"

"Yes. I shall be in my bath. I'm in a frightful hurry, and have a train to catch. We can carry on our conversation through the bathroom door—whilst I take my tub."

Pym looked at him imploringly.

"Do as I tell you, Pym. I don't want to give the fellow the idea that I want to dodge him—that might wake some sort of suspicion in his mind. As it is, he simply wants to ask a few questions over this burglary—quite superfluous, probably; but you know what these fellows are—all notebooks and questions. Send him up!"

A few minutes later Pym ushered Vance into the dressing-room adjoining a very luxurious bath-

room. There was a sound of splashing and a hissing such as a groom makes when he rubs down a horse. Pym tapped on the door.

"Detective-sergeant Vance, Mr. Balshaw," he cried. "He wishes to speak to you about the burglary at Postern Abbey."

"All right," came back a reply in a low, well-bred voice. "Go ahead, Mr. Vance. Excuse me, but I'm shockingly pressed for time—just going back to Leicester."

Then more splashing and hissing. Vance stepped close to the door, commonplace looking and as stolid as ever.

"What?" cried Balshaw, in answer to a question. "The number of my watch? No, sorry to say I never knew it." Then, in answer to another question, "It was past two. I should say, when I left my rooms to post my letters. I was away about ten minutes—lost my way in the corridors—the Abbey's a puzzling place. Half a minute, Mr. Vance. I'll open the door in a minute—soon as I'm respectable."

Pym clasped his thin hands behind his back in order to hide their twitching.

"Any clue to the thief?" followed a moment later.

"It's too early to be sanguine," replied Vance.

"Don't believe in committing yourself, Mr. Vance?" came back through the door, with a low-toned laugh. "Ready for you in a moment!"

A few seconds later there was a click of a bolt being shot back and the door opened. Pym's eyes were huge now with a look of agonised suspense.

Balshaw was enveloped in a dressing-gown of rough towelling. The hood was partially over his wet head. His lower face was white with lather and a moustache-guard protected his moustache.

"Excuse me getting on with my shaving, Mr. Vance—I don't want to miss my train—if I can help it. There's a box of cigars in the dressing-room. Help yourself."

Balshaw turned to the shaving mirror, and commenced operations. Vance's stolid face was reflected in the mirror. Balshaw answered his questions as he shaved himself steadily.

"Not an easy business, Mr. Vance," he said once, speaking a little indistinctly. "I dislocated my wrist some little time ago and it's not right yet—oh!"

Balshaw had cut himself. He picked up a towel and pressed it to his face. Then he turned and looked at Vance straightly.

"Anything else I can tell you, of course—"

"Thank you, Mr. Balshaw. I think that's all. Much obliged."

Pym escorted Vance from the room. When he returned Balshaw was laughing quietly.

"John, old fellow," he said. "So that is your bogey, Vance?"

He laughed again.

"I should say his intelligence is equal to that of the average railway porter."

CHAPTER XIV.

Mrs. Wilbraham had received her doctor's permission to leave her rooms, but it was her custom to breakfast in her own rooms and attend to her correspondence before making her appearance. There was an air of lassitude about her movements and a trace of fever on her cheeks as she dealt with her letters, tossing to one side those to be dealt with by her secretary. Her correspondence included begging letters from brazen vagabonds to high dignitaries of the Church, invitations, acceptances, and requests to preside at bazaars and other functions.

One of the letters that she opened was from an intimate friend of the late Leo Wilbraham, announcing his arrival at the Abbey that afternoon. She pencilled the time on an ivory tablet, and smiled a little wearily.

Sir Dymond Magnus bored and oppressed her with his ponderous admiration; but he had been exceedingly good to her at the time of Mr. Wilbraham's death, advising and assisting her in the matter of the huge fortune bequeathed to her. Sir Dymond, chairman of a big life insurance company, and a director of the Metropolitan and Provincial Bank, was well qualified to render such assistance.

Richard Balshaw had returned to Postern Abbey on the previous day. Sometimes the remembrance of the strength that he had shown when they stood together in the dimly-lit corridor filled her with a raging exasperation; at other times, recalling his coolness and presence of mind and his anxiety for her reputation, with admiration. The problem associated with him had a way of yielding to the man. She was possessed with a passionate desire to conquer and bring him to her feet.

The entrance of her maid, bearing letters brought by the second post, did not serve to divert her thoughts. She was expecting an answer to the letter she was carrying to the post-box when she met Balshaw in the corridor.

As the door closed on the maid, Mrs. Wilbraham flicked through her correspondence with anxious haste till one of the superscriptions stayed her hand.

She tore open the envelope quickly, with trembling fingers. The envelope enclosed another envelope, cheap, unaddressed, and sealed. This in its turn contained a scrap of paper, the scrawl pencilled on it suggesting a feeble hand writing under difficulties. It conveyed the answer to her question: "Who was Messenger from Mars?"

(Continued on page 13.)

"The Writing on the Wall."

In the last 40 years the consumption of Cocoa has enormously increased. In the same period the consumption of coffee has greatly decreased. This is the "writing on the wall." It shows the trend of the Nation's diet. The Historic House of FRY was founded 1728. Nearly 200 years of skilful and scientific manufacture have given

Fry's
PURE CONCENTRATED
Cocoa

its national reputation.

Ask your Grocer

for

Fry's
Pure
Concentrated
Cocoa.



FOUR GENERATIONS



DELICATE & DELICIOUS.

Sufferers from Kidney Trouble.

Olma contains no trace of acidity.

LAMBETH DISTILLERY, S.E.

S. & P. 331.

ENVELOPES AT 1/6 PER 1,000 and upwards

LANGLEY & SONS, Unrepresented Vendors.

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DON'T LOOK OLD!

KEEP YOUR SITUATIONS.

LOCKYER'S SULPHUR

HAIR RESTORER.

DARKENS IN A FEW DAYS.



XMAS PRIVATE
Greeting Cards

Write now for Specimens post free. 12 fashionable refined and dainty cards, with your name, address, monogram and Xmas greeting, printed in gold, post free from 2, MALCOLM F. McMERKIN, Dept. "D.M.", Red Lion St., Holborn, LONDON, W.C.

GARDENING.

CLIFF, the "Rose King," for beautiful Roses; every description; catalogue, 500 varieties, free—CLIFF, Stuckford.

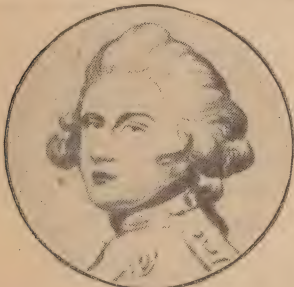
A ROYAL ROMANCE.

Proof That Mrs. Fitzherbert Was
George IV.'s Real Wife.

KING EDWARD'S KINDNESS

To-day is published a book which sets at rest a historical controversy. It proves beyond all doubt that Mrs. Fitzherbert, the lady with whom King George IV. lived for many years, while he was Prince of Wales and Prince Regent, was his lawful wife.

George IV. always denied in public that Mrs. Fitzherbert was his wife. He commissioned Mr. Fox to tell the House of Commons "upon direct



GEORGE IV.

authority" that there had never been any marriage. Even in the will he made during an illness that seemed likely to prove fatal he only referred to her as "my wife in the eyes of God," which might mean anything.

Mrs. Fitzherbert's friends, on the other hand, were firmly convinced that she was married to the Prince, and, as they included the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., both the Prince's uncles and their wives, and such great people as the Duchess of Devonshire, the Duke of Bedford, and the old Roman Catholic families, her innocence was well supported. Still, there have always been people who doubted whether any legal ceremony had really taken place.

These doubts are set at rest by the publication of "Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV." In this two-volume work, published today, Mr. W. H. Wilkins sets forth the whole history of the romantic affair and quotes documents relating to the marriage which have been lying in Coutts's Bank since 1833, nobody being able to get at them.

These documents were sent to the bank by Mrs. Fitzherbert herself, but the permission of King Edward had to be obtained before Mr. Wilkins could inspect them. His Majesty was gracious enough to say that such use might be made of them as to remove any possible slur from Mrs. Fitzherbert's character.

The marriage, it appears, took place at Mrs. Fitzherbert's house in Park-street, Grosvenor-



MRS. FITZHERBERT.

square, about six o'clock on the evening of December 15, 1785.

For a time all went well. Marriage with a good and beautiful woman seemed to have improved the Prince's character. He insisted that wherever he was invited Mrs. Fitzherbert should be invited too. They seem to have lived happily together. But in course of years the Prince grew fickle. Other charms gained an influence over him. Eventually he was persuaded that he ought to marry a German Princess.

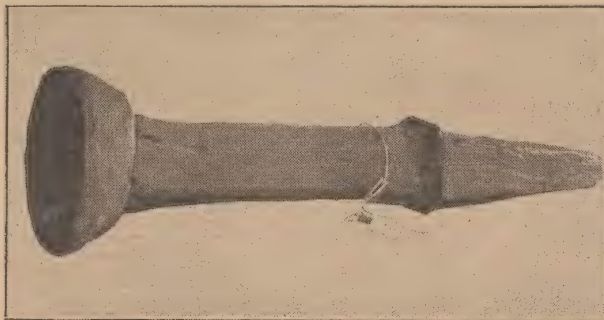
As soon as his intentions were made known Mrs. Fitzherbert refused to have anything more to do with him. For years they did not meet. Then the Prince, who had found no happiness with the Princess, implored his real wife to take him back. They were reconciled in 1800. In 1811 they parted for ever.

"ALL BLACKS" DEFEAT RICHMOND.



On Saturday the New Zealand Rugby team gained yet another victory, defeating Richmond by seventeen points to nil. This is their eighteenth successive victory.

JOHN BUNYAN'S ANVIL.



Which will be offered for sale to collectors at Sotheby's. It weighs about 60lb., and is 2 feet in length. Stamped on the surface is "J. Bunyan Holston," and the date "1647." It was sold by an ironmonger at St. Neots to a marine store-dealer as scrap-iron.

MAYORS OF LONDON BOROUGHES.



Mayors of (1) Deptford, (2) St. Pancras, (3) Kensington, (4) Greenwich, (5) Camberwell, and (6) Poplar. (For names see page 4.)

How You May Recognise If You Are Suffering from any Uric Acid Trouble.

Article No. 7.

Good dining and good living has its advantages. It also has its disadvantages, however, as it has a tendency to give rise to unpleasant feelings, and to derange some, at least, of the bodily functions. Many men and women who, to use a proverbial expression, "do themselves well," under the influence suffer from sensations of irritation between the fingers, in the palms of the hand, about the ankles and feet, or they can feel small concretions on the outer rim of the ear or under the skin on arms, breast, or legs. These are often followed by acidity, heartburn, or flatulency; after meals there is gouty indigestion or the liver is torpid, and this gives rise to dull aching in the right side, or small reddish grains of uric acid are passed. All these symptoms constitute strong evidence that uric acid is accumulating in the system. These early signs of approaching trouble may be disregarded, and then the patient will begin to find that there is a feeling of stiffness in the joints and muscles, and the old ease and comfort in bending them is lost. The muscles or joints when touched feel tender, and the joints perhaps begin to enlarge.

It is dangerous to ignore these signs of ill-health which are Nature's warnings, and if you ignore the warning you do so at your peril. What is it that is wrong in such cases as those referred to? The fact is that the uric acid, which is a waste product of the body, instead of being eliminated, is being retained, is becoming converted into one of the urates, concretions are being formed, and mischief is created.

Nature in such cases is failing in the important function of passing uric acid out of the system, and as it is of such great importance that this should be done, it is clear that Nature needs assistance. Something must be used that will dissolve uric acid and soften and break up accumulations of the urates. Water is useless as a solvent of uric acid, and the same is true of aperients, so that it is futile to use either as a remedy for uric acid trouble. Bishop's Valerettes, on the other hand, possess the power of dissolving uric acid, which cleans out the system harmlessly and painlessly, and a pain and discomfort disappears.

No treatment can be easier than Bishop's Valerette treatment, as it is simply necessary to add one to your drink three times a day, when it will quickly dissolve with brisk effervescence, and though the flavour of your drink will be unaltered it will be endowed with great remedial virtues.

BISHOP'S VALERETTES (Registered)

are supplied in vials at 1s. and 2s., and in boxes containing twenty-five days' treatment at 5s., by all Chemists and Drug Stores, or direct from Alfred Bishop (Limited), Spelman-street, Mile End New Town, London, for 1s. 1d., 2s. 1d., and 5s. 2d., post free within the U.K. Of all English and American Pharmacies on the Continent, Roberts and Co., 5, Rue de la Paix, Paris, supply the 2s. bottle, post free, for 3frs. 50.

£5 0 0 or 10/- DOWN.

Including Post, Everything Paid. And 12 further monthly payments of 2 10 each. Solid Mahogany Table, 3 Ivory Balls and all the accessories at 50/- when shipped. Carriage Paid. WRITE AT ONCE for Illustrated List. GLOBE BILLIARD CO., 43, Chancery Lane, E.C.M., LONDON, W.C.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

The purest and most efficient remedy procurable for

COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, WEAK LUNGS and CHILDREN'S COUGHS.

BRONCHITIS AND ASTHMA

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure

For many years Dr. J. W. Tulloch, D.D., has been a great authority upon children's diseases, writes:—"Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is an exceedingly successful remedy. It is very pleasant to take and the relief it gives is very rapid. The cure is perfectly safe for children."

CHILDREN'S COUGHS

Mrs. ADA S. BAILIN, 5, Agar St., London, E.C. "W. Wombourne and I are a great authority upon children's diseases, writes:—"Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is an exceedingly successful remedy. It is very pleasant to take and the relief it gives is very rapid. The cure is perfectly safe for children."

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5th Prize	25
6th Prize	10
7th Prize	5
8th Prize	2
9th Prize	1
10th Prize	1
11th Prize	1
12th Prize	1
13th Prize	1
14th Prize	1
15th Prize	1
16th Prize	1
17th Prize	1
18th Prize	1
19th Prize	1
20th Prize	1
21st Prize	1
22nd Prize	1
23rd Prize	1
24th Prize	1
25th Prize	1
26th Prize	1
27th Prize	1
28th Prize	1
29th Prize	1
30th Prize	1
31st Prize	1
32nd Prize	1
33rd Prize	1
34th Prize	1
35th Prize	1
36th Prize	1
37th Prize	1
38th Prize	1
39th Prize	1
40th Prize	1
41st Prize	1
42nd Prize	1
43rd Prize	1
44th Prize	1
45th Prize	1
46th Prize	1
47th Prize	1
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49th Prize	1
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The number of Births registered in the United Kingdom for the last three months of	1902 was 289,361
	1903 " 286,459
	1904 " 284,520

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SEND 2/6 TO-DAY
 With a MASTERS' VERACITY Watch you have perfection in TIME-KEEPING, not one day gaining or another day losing time or stopping, but 30 years' true time-keeping to one minute each month. Lever movement, jewelled, compensation balance, best proof case, gold dial, solid 18K-18 carat cases, gold bands. Price 30/- Send 2/6 and (keyless or keywind) 50/- Watch will be sent you, only a further sum to receipt, and balance 2/6 monthly. You are the Watch to wear while paying for it. Seven years' warranty.
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THE CULT OF COMELINESS.

MRS. TEMPLER'S CURES FOR VARIOUS ILLS.

"I had a pathetic letter from Miriam Travers this morning," said Belinda coming into Mrs. Templer's sitting-room, where Julia was ensconced at the writing-table. "She has burnt her hand most severely, and wants to know if you could give her a good ointment to soothe it."

"One that has been recommended to me is made in the following way: Put into a glazed pipkin 2lb. of the best olive oil. Place this carefully on the stove, and let it come to the boil. Now add 2oz. of the best white lead finely powdered and sifted. Stir it with a wooden spoon till it is a light brown colour. Now add four ounces of the best yellow beeswax cut into small pieces, and keep stirring until it is melted and mixed."

"Take it off the fire and continue stirring it until cool. Then add 4oz. camphor which has been powdered, and cover it up closely with white paper for a short time. Afterwards stir it up, put it into pots, and secure it with bladder to keep out the air. This must be spread on linen and applied to the affected parts, and changed every twelve or twenty-four hours. Great care must be taken not to let the air get to the wound."

"Excuse me one moment," interrupted Julia, "but I am writing to Lesbia, who wishes to know of a dry shampoo for the hair. Did I once hear you say that salt is a good cleanser?"

Dry Shampoo.

"For a dry shampoo it is, when mixed with equal parts of orris-root and salt. Rub this into the hair thoroughly, and then brush every particle out with a good stiff brush. You will find that this cleanses and stimulates the hair wonderfully."

"The use of salt seem to be many," said Julia. "Are there any other ways in which it may be employed?"

"Salt and bay-rum mixed make a good lotion for the scalp, and should be rubbed into the hair by means of the fingers," resumed Mrs. Templer.

"Then salt and charcoal mixed make an excellent dentifrice to be used once a week. A small pinch of salt added to a glass of hot water, which must be drunk first thing in the morning and last thing at night, will assist in keeping the system in order and ward off bilious attacks. A cloth wrung out in boiling water and salt, and placed at the back of the neck, will often alleviate sick and nervous headaches, so that you will see the uses of salt both

for toilet and remedial purposes are many and varied."

"Many thanks," said Julia. "And, now, could you give me an inexpensive cold cream that could be used in place of soap for the face and arms?"

"I can recommend an excellent one," replied Mrs. Templer, "and, as it is very inexpensive, it may suit many people." "I am glad it isn't cheap and nasty," murmured Belinda, sotto voce.

Mrs. Templer shook her head fully. "It is cheap and good," she answered emphatically, "but, like all other prescriptions, should be carefully made. Place 2lb. of the best pure lard in a basin and pour boiling water on to the fat. Stir this till it is melted, and then leave it till it is cold. Boil more water, and once more pour it over the lard, and again leave it till it is settled. This process should be repeated half a dozen times."

"I suppose that is to purify the lard?" queried Julia.

Mrs. Templer nodded.

"Now beat a tablespoonful of the oatmeal into

the lard, and add a few drops of scent. Put it," she continued, "into a jar, and the cold cream will be ready for use in almost an hour's time."

(To be continued.)



The warm travelling coat depicted above is made of green and grey tartan, lined with the new camellia-hair fleeces, which is so comfortable. On the left is illustrated a charmingly novel way of wearing an ornamental comb.



A Good Complexion Makes even a Plain Girl Look Pretty.



The CAUSE of a good complexion is perfect skin cleanliness. Not the cleanliness of soap and water. They only remove surface dirt, and leave irritating waste matter in the pores.

OATINE

the new face cream, removes this waste from the pores. It leaves the skin fresh and clear, soothing and healing all sores and blemishes.

It brings natural beauty to the plainest face. OATINE is made from pure oats. It contains neither animal fat, with its possibilities of impurity, nor injurious minerals. OATINE will rid you of wrinkles. It will not grow hair.

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FASHIONABLE CORD VELVETS 2/3 a yard, in Black and all New Colours.

FASHIONABLE DRESS MATERIALS. WONDERFUL VALUE. Write for PATTERNS, please mention "Daily Mirror," and address:

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A Box of Pomeroy Skin Food (1/6 size).
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GLOVES	RIBBONS	BOOTS & SHOES
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These Stocks, which represent the Latest French Fashions for present wear, have been secured from the Manufacturers in Paris at Unusually Low Prices. The goods are in perfect condition, and the reductions are guaranteed in all cases to be correctly stated.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

During the week we shall also offer 500 Bedroom Suites in Solid Hazelwood, Walnut, Oak, and Ash, a quantity of Solid Oak and Walnut Sideboards, also a Staffordshire Manufacturers' Stock of Dinner, Tea, and Toilet Ware, at Makers' COST PRICES, and in many cases LESS.

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WILLIAM WHITELEY, LTD., Westbourne Grove, London, W.

'THE WOMAN TEMPTED ME.'

(Continued from page 10.)

The feeble writing seemed to dance a jig as she stared at it with hard, burning eyes. "Roland Carstairs," ran the feebly-written words, "formerly in the employ of the Metropolitan and Provincial Bank at Leicester, Nottingham, and Northampton. Falsification of accounts and embezzlement. Some thirty thousand pounds. Five years' penal servitude."

More was written, but the woman did not read it. She crushed up the paper and pressed it to her brows as if trying to draw inspiration from it. The man who had delivered her a message in the London fog, when she was Z and fancied herself disguised beyond recognition, was Roland Carstairs, formerly in the employ of the Metropolitan and Provincial Bank, released after five years' imprisonment.

The identity of the messenger was solved, but the question that had kept her awake at nights remained unanswered.

Yet the first thought that swept her brain was one of intense relief. It was absurd—impossible! It was incredible that Richard Balshaw and Roland Carstairs were one and the same. Logic warred against the evidence of her senses and the remembrance of the staggering impression received when she greeted Richard Balshaw on his arrival at Eastern Abbey. Chronologically, it was impossible. She had been the victim of a delusion, and had been torturing herself needlessly.

She laughed, with a feverish joy. She had known Balshaw as Balshaw five years ago. Four years ago he was her guest at Nice.

She laughed again, and stretched out her white, beautifully-moulded arms like a woman quit of a burden. She was so thankful that he was what he seemed to be.

Then, suddenly, the note in her laughter changed, telling of returning doubts.

To her cost she was very well acquainted with prison routine. There was a thing in prison parlance called remission. Five years did not necessarily represent five years.

She must solve the problem. With trembling fingers she uncrumpled the fateful scrap of paper. "Roland Carstairs," she whispered harshly, "formerly in the employ of the Metropolitan and Provincial Bank—"

She broke off with a catch of the breath. Inspiration had come to her, an inspiration that drove the blood from her lips. With the swift, silent movement of a panther, she glided to her bureau, and snatched up the ivory tablet on which she had pencilled the time of Sir Dymond Magnus's arrival. He was a director of the Metropolitan and Provincial Bank.

(To be continued.)

SATURDAY'S RACING.

Peter's Pride Carries Off the
Grosvenor Cup—Selections
for Leicester.

One seldom sees a Liverpool meeting worked through without a win for some of Lord Derby's horses. But there was no luck for the colours last week—save in the case of the dead heat between Eugenia gelding and Carstone—and on Saturday the last hope of breaking the undesirable series vanished with the defeat of Bridge of Canny in the Nursery Stakes.

Marlow was the popular choice for this race. He is a very uncertain customer and, moreover, had a very bad bump, which nearly knocked him off his feet. Kingway and Cream Tart did not appear to relish the sloppy going. Below the distance Bridge of Canny, travelling very well, looked a possible winner, but quickly died out, leaving Manuka to defeat Marlow with much more ease than the mere verdict suggests.

Very frequently some good horses turn up in the Grosvenor Cup, but on this occasion the field was distinguished for mediocrity. Andover, asked to concede a lot of weight, found the task impossible in the mud. Chaucer, second in the big race the previous afternoon, was prudently kept in his stable. Prince Royal had most backers, and ran well, but was unable to cope against Peter's Pride, who fairly revelled in the mud and won easily.

Eageress and William's Hill were very prominent throughout an interesting contest. Peter's Pride is by Desmond, the latter now reckoned one of the most useful sires in Ireland, and one whose success at the stud is in contrast to his racing career.

Lovers of jumping were treated to a pretty spectacle in the Valentine Steeplechase and November Hurdle Handicap. Wild Fox, stable companion to Hack Wattle, was unable to make the pretence of a show against Crautcaun. There were several falls. Pedlar III, Noble Lad, and Theodocion coming to grief. The remaining three ran in processional order in the last six furlongs. Crautcaun eventually winning by twenty lengths from Wild Fox.

THE LEAGUE—Division I.			
Derry County (Bloomer 3, Fetherstonhaugh 1)	5	Woodwich (Fetherstonhaugh 1, Stortwheat)	1
Birmingham (Anderson, Jones)	3	Sunderland (Tickle)	0
Ererton (Settle, Abbott, Raulin)	3	Blackburn Rovers (Bowman, Davis)	2
Bolton Wanderers (McLawn, Stokes)	2	Sheffield Wednesday (Brillington)	1
North Foot (West 2, Morris)	3	Stoke (Hall)	1
Mannings (Thornley 2, Bichan)	6	Notts County (Dean)	1
Sheffield United (Brown 2, Drake, Parker, Douglis)	6	Bury (Dewhurst, Murphy)	2
Liverpool (Hewitt 3, Carlin 2)	5	Middlesbrough (Hewitt)	1
Preston (Lyon, Bond)	2	Aston Villa	0
Newcastle United (H)	3	Wolverhampton Wanderers	0

Division II.	
Chelsea	3
Barnley (h)	2
Burnley (h)	2
Bristol City	1
Chesterfield (h)	1
Hull City (h)	3
Leeds City (h)	3
Lincoln F.C. (h)	3
Lincoln City (h)	4
W. Bromwich Albion (h)	6
Clapton Orient (h)	0
Colindalebury Trinity	1
Barton United	0
Burslem Port Vale (h)	0
Manchester United	0
Stockport County	0
Graysby Town	0
Blackpool	0
Glossop	1
Bradford City	1

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.			
Millwall (h)	2	Tottenham Hotspur	1
New Brompton (h)	1	Plymouth Argyle	1
Bristol Rovers (h)	6	Southampton	1
Fulham (h)	0	Watford	0
Queen's Pk. Rangers (h) 3		Reading	0
West Ham (h)	2	Brighton and Hove Alb.	0
Portsmouth (h)	2	Norwich City	1
Swindon (h)	1	Brentford	1
SCOTTISH LEAGUE.			

The surprise of the afternoon was the defeat of Cambridge by the Light Blues, who were a moderate team. After the big fight that the Light Blues made with the New Zealanders a victory for them would have been a great boost. But the result was the effect of Thursday's struggle, but their failure to win on Saturday will make most people wonder whether the New Zealand form was quite right. The Oxford men do not seem to have been in the best of form, but they were not them. They went down badly before the Harlequins on Saturday, not playing anything like as well as in the previous match. The result was a great boost to pull his side into proper shape in time for the

In the county games, Devon wiped out Gloucestershire so comfortably as to suggest that will-be top of the south-west, especially as Cornwall had hard work to beat Somerset. Northumberland gained their second victory in beating Yorkshire, and look like making a good bid for first honours in the north. As they went down before Cheshire, who had twice been defeated, Cumberland may be considered out of the running.

NORTHERN UNION SPORT.

Leeds at the Head of the League—
Football at Bradford

SPECIAL BY HORNET.

The week-end has seen a slight shuffling of the cards in the Northern Union League, at the head of which Leeds are now safely placed with a fairly substantial lead over their nearest rivals, Oldham and Keighley both of whom failed, the latter on their own ground.

Leeds, according to the fixture list, were without a match on Saturday, but they disposed of a rearranged game with Pontefract, who, of course, were not able to hold the Headingley men, Ward and Thomas once more displaying their scoring propensities.

Cup defeat, but they would seem to be subject to partial paralysis when they meet Albert Goldthorpe and his colleagues. Hunslet ran up a score of 17 points. Keighley were beaten forward from the very outset. Eagers was in his most brilliant form, and the Cumberland player mentioned had the satisfaction of scoring two tries and his display generally was a fine one. Walter Goldthorpe, too, played one of his best games.

A solitary goal, obtained in splendid style by Lomas, gave Salford their victory over Oldham, but there was nothing suggestive of a fluke about the victory, which was well earned. A prominent figure on the Oldham side was Sam Irvin, the ex-Devonport man, his full-back

For six weeks prior to Saturday Leigh had kept their line intact, but Flanagan worked the oracle on behalf of Runcorn, who played so determinedly that they looked like a winning team at one time. However, a try by Whittaker, which Dunbavin converted, turned the scales in favour of the Lancashire men, for whom a local scout named Insworth made a capital debut.

Parical football was seen at Park-avenue, when Bradford, without over-exerting themselves, contrived to win a more important prize, the cup presented by the house Rangers. The latter have yet to achieve their first win, as also have Rochdale Hornets, who were in match for Warrington, albeit the latter gave anything but a first-class exhibition.

Hull mightly pleased their friends by the way the overcame Bailey. Hull Kingston Rovers, however, could make nothing of Hallas, who wisely kept the game in the forwards, where, led by Hilton, they were much the stronger.

RUGBY.
COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP.

Cheshire (h)	11	Cumberland	10
Northumberland (h)	10	Yorkshire	3
Devon	20	Gloucestershire (h)	C
Cornwall	6	Somerset (h)	4

OTHER MATCHES.

New Zealanders	17	Richmond (h)	0
London Scottish (h)	20	Marlborough Nomads....	3
Old Leysians (h)	26	Old Alleynians	3
Lennox (h)	9	Old Merchant Tailors ..	8
Streatham	5	Guy's Hospital (h)	3
Rosslyn Park (h)	25	St. Thomas's Hospital ..	3

Leighton Hospital (h)	11	Catford Bridge	0
Harlequins	16	Oxford University (h)	3
Blackheath (h)	8	Cambridge University	3
Swansea	3	Leicester (ff)	0
Peckham	3	Nottingham	0
Cardiff	3	Llanelli (h)	0
Gloucester (h)	31	Stroud	3
Northampton (h)	16	West Hartlepool	8
Hartlepool Rovers	11	Durham City (h)	0
Doncaster	11	United Services	0
Devonport Albion (h)	23	R.I.E.C.	0
Manchester	20	New Brighton (h)	0

NORTHERN UNION LEAGUE.

Leeds (h)	21	Pontefract	5
Swinton (h)	25	Morecambe	

Warrington (h)	19	Stobrodale Hornets	8
Salford (h)	8	Oldham	8
Lea (h)	8	Runcorn	8
Hull (h)	8	Batley	8
Hunslet	17	Kelghley (h)	8
Halifax (h)	5	Hull Kingston Rovers	8
Broughton Rangers	6	Wigan (h)	8
Dewsbury (h)	8	Barrow	8
Wakefield Trinity (h)	4	York	8
Normanton (h)	0	Bramley	8
Bradford (h)	48	Brighouse Rangers	8

(A description of the New Zealand match by "Touch Judge" appears on page 5.)

NOVEMBER HANDICAP WEIGHTS.

Hammerkop 9st 3lb, Mark Time 8 11, Glenamoy 8 8
Thunderbolt 8 8, Wargrave 8 5, Sandboy 8 5, Airship
8 5, Best Light 8 4, Costly Lady 8 2, St. Wulfram 8

O'Neill 7 12, Challenger 7 12, Henry the First 7 11, Pradella 7 11, Phylloxera 7 11, War Wolf 7 11, Outbreak 7 11, Long Tom 7 10, Lord Rosmore 7 8, Royal Arch 7 6, Virgo 6 6, Bihann 6 4, Park Ranger 7 3, Cottager 7 3, Goldron 6 3, Coupe Verde 7 2, Burgundy 7 2, Imari 7 2, Admiral Breeze 7 2, Chestnut 1 j, Therapia 7 1, Wild Lac 6 0, Manaton 6 13, Hands Down 6 12, Catscared 6 12, Transfer 6 11, Mr. Delamare 6 11, Scotch Cherry 6 10, Pure Gold 6 10, Spinning Wheel 6 9, The Green 6 9, The Glass 6 9, Series 6 9, McVedley 6 3, Morning Glash 6 2, Alderman 6 2, Remindful 6 1, Series 6 0, Strathglass 6 0, Quick 6 0.

TO-DAY'S FOOTBALL MATCHES.

ASSOCIATION.

Aston Villa v. Kidderminster Harriers (Birmingham Cup.)
 Stoke v. Aston Villa. (The League.)
 Burton United v. Leeds City. (League II.)
 Fulham v. Plymouth Argyle. (Western League.)
 Millwall v. Bristol Rovers. (Western League.)
 Bradford v. West Ham. (League.)

RUGBY.

Oxford: Oxford University v. Monkstown.

The New Zealanders' record stands as follows:—
18 games won; points for, 571; against, 15.

Harverson won his heat in the billiards tournament by defeating Mitchell by 7 points. The scores on Saturday in the game of 14,000 up at Leicester-square were:—
Inman, 7,000; Reece, 6,023.

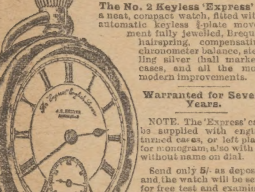
J. G. GRAVES' 'EXPRESS'



Mr. W. HIGGINS, Henslet, Leeds, writes: "The 'Express' English Lever I received from you in December, 1904, has stood the test required by me. My occupation as Director of Structural Steel and Ironwork is one of the severest strains on a watch that can be mentioned, but it has never cost me one penny in repairs."

THE 'EXPRESS' (Trade English 50/-)
Mark Lever,
Is of British Manufacture throughout and made to no pattern.

No. 1, Keywind, for hard wear. No. 2, Keyless, as per illustration, for business men and lighter occupations.



The No. 2 Keyless 'Express' is a small, compact watch, fitted with automatic keyless, plate movement fully jewelled, accurate balancing, compensating chromometer balance, steel case, and all the most modern improvements.

Warranted for Seven Years.
NOTE: The 'Express' can be supplied with English fanned cases, or left plain for engraving, also with or without name on dial.

Send only 5/- as deposit, and the watch will be sent free of charge. If you are not satisfied, send it back and your 5/- will be instantly refunded. If satisfactory, you can either consider the purchase in nine more monthly payments of 5/-, or take full responsibility, and in addition to refunding your deposit in full, will pay the return postage. It within seven days you are not completely satisfied, please return the watch and your 5/- will be refunded.

Price, Watch and Jewellery Catalogue Free on application. AGENTS WANTED. Good Commission. No Risk.

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PERSONAL.

ROBERTS.—Meet me at Alfred Dunhill's Patent Agency and Development Co., 6, Argyl-place, Regent-street, W. —FINANCIAL.

BIVARE suggestions infidelity; unimaginable; world difference; pledged eternally, totally; so, we'll pray patience; dearie; never doubt enthusiasm; retrenching! 11106.—BUTTERFLY YOURS.

RAILWAYS, SHIPPING, ETC.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.
COOK'S CHEAP EXCURSIONS FROM ST. PANCRAS.
(With bookings also from City, Greenwich, and Woolwich)

BY THE BEST ROUTE FOR COMFORTABLE TRAVEL AND PICTURESCAPE SCENERY.

Destination.	Date.	Period.
JORDAHOPE, Chesterfield, HALIFAX, Huddersfield, LEEDS, Leicester, LIVERPOOL, Loughborough, MANCHESTER, Macclesfield, SHEFFIELD, Stockport, and WARRINGTON.	FRIDAY MIDNIGHTS, Nov. 17th, and Dec. 1st.	1, 2, 3, 5, or 8 days.
THE MIDLANDS, STAFFORDSHIRE, POTTERIES, LANCASHIRE, YORKSHIRE, DARLINGTON, TOS, DURHAM, NEWCASTLE, &c.	SATURDAYS, Nov. 18th and Dec. 2nd.	2, 3, 5, or 8 days.
HALF-DAY AND WEEK ENDS IN THE COUNTRY.	EVERY SATURDAY.	See bills for particulars.

Send postcard for cheap ticket programme, pocket time-tables, guide, etc., to DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENT, MIDLAND RAILWAY, ST. PANCRAS STATION, N.W., or to any MIDLAND STATIONMASTER or AGENT, or to any office of TICKET, COOK and SON, Derby, 1905.

JOHN MATTHEWSON.

G. W. R.

EXCURSIONS FROM PADDINGTON STATION.

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PADDINGTON, Dep. 12.15 night.	FRIDAY NIGHTS, November 17, December 1, For 1, 3, 5, or 8 days.
11.45 a.m.	SATURDAYS, November 18, December 2, For 2, 3, 5, or 8 days.
TO CHESTER, LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, etc.	MONDAYS, THURSDAYS, and SATURDAYS, 9.45 a.m. DAY TRIP to STRATFORD-ON-AVON. Return 5.20 p.m. FARE 6s. 6d.
11.25 a.m.	HALF-DAY TRIP to STRATFORD-ON-AVON. Return 6.40 p.m. FARE 4s.

4/3	FOOTBALL at BRISTOL (RUGBY ASSOCIATION) SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18.	4/3
11.45 a.m.	EXPRESS NON-STOP HALF-DAY EXCURSION to BRISTOL. Return 5.25 p.m. FARE 4s. 3d. Also for 3 days. For 3, 5, or 8 days.	

SATURDAY, November 18. 9.45 a.m. TO STRATFORD-ON-AVON. For details, see bills or send postcard to Inquiry Office, Paddington Station, W. TELEPHONE, 565 PADDINGTON.

JAMES C. INGLIS, General Manager.

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No cough is "simple," and no cough is safe. You never know how an uncured cough may end, until the day when knowing does not help.

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FOR 7 DAYS

Come to either of our establishments during Nov. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., and you can have your pick of any of the suits we have, from which we will make you a suit to measure for 20/-.

Amongst the places for your selection are many of the best in the city, and we have a full stock of 100 suits on hand. This your Overcoat will cost you 14/- only. Write for our full particulars to J. M. THOMPSON, BROS., Ltd., 3, Oxford Street, W., 84, Bishopsgate Street Without, London, E.C.

DAILY BARGAINS.

Articles for Disposal.

WITNEY Blankets direct from mill to customers; rolled mill samples at under half-price; several splendid pairs for sale, only 3s. 9d. each, carriage paid; exceptional bargain; send cash with order, or pay our carrier when he delivers goods. J. C. O'Halloran and Co., 20, Bockingham-st., Strand, W.C.

2s. 6d. with order for "Conqueror" parcel of finest Sheffield Table Cutlery, Spoons, and Forks; 54 pieces in all; 25s. sent on receipt 2s. 6d. balance 1s. weekly. For full list write Dept. 587, A. Thomas, 217, Upper-st., Kingston, London N.

30 Picture Postcards, kind desired, 1s. 7d. (stamp).—Art. Eric Thorne, 10, Paris.

Wanted to Purchase. EXTRA Pic Mirror.—Send your old gold jewelry, false teeth, and other such valuables to Chas. W. Davis, Riverside, Wrotham, Norwich; cash by return or offer sent; if not accepted goods immediately returned.—Banks, Barchey's.

OLD Artificial Teeth bought at an sound cash or forward by post; full value per return or offer made.—Messrs. M. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 135, Oxford-st., Westminster, London established 160 years.

OLD Artificial Teeth Bought.—Dr. Page pays the highest prices; call or post; immediate cash.—219, Oxford-st., London. Firm established 150 years.

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Circumstances alter cases, Hinde's Wavers alter faces.

real hair savers - Wavers

SITUATIONS VACANT.

AGENTS wanted, permanent or partial employment, to sell 3 domestic articles of universal demand; samples and particulars free.—The Anti-Splash Syndicate, 11, Poultry, London, E.C.

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AMBITIOUS Men anxious to get on should join the School of Motoring; prospectus, 21/-, Berry-st., Liverpool, 255, Deansgate, Manchester, and Lorient, Southampton.

ASSISTANTS and Others (either sex) can receive remunerative work at home; stamped addressed envelope for particulars to C. F. P. and Co., Dept. M., 56, Southwark Bridge, London, S.E.

EARN Money by writing at home; postcard brings details and testimonials.—Workers Press Office, Hornchurch.

PRICE Sample Pocket Rubber Stamp; your own name and address, with particulars of spare time agency, Dept. 2, 88, Aldgate-st., London.

REQUIRE, an energetic and trustworthy man with good references to represent electrical company, London or provinces.—Write G. O. 1933, "Daily Mirror," 12, White-church-st., E.C.

WANTED good musical Boy as apprentice; age 14 to 17 years; who will receive practical instruction by recognized conductor.—Write Conductor, c/o 54, New Oxford-st., London, W.C.

LAND, HOUSES, ETC., FOR SALE.

FREEHOLD farm for sale, near Norwich; suitable poultry, market garden; 19 acres with house; price 2450/-; possession; stamped addressed envelope for particulars.—Burt, 72, Bishopsgate Without, E.C.

FREEHOLD, Walworth.—Two good Houses, 60ft. frontage; room to build two more houses; call at 14c. and 14c. 6d. or 87s. 6d. per annum; no arrears; price 2550/- offered.—W. 367, Camden-st. N.

ISN'T it unsatisfactory to pay for rent an amount which is generally more than sufficient to buy the house outright? If you wish to avoid this waste of money, send a postcard mentioning "Daily Mirror," to W. W. Bennett, 72, Bishopsgate Without, E.C.

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ROUSES to let (5 large rooms); rent 8s. weekly.—Apply 25, Fountain-nd, Fording.

STREATHAM HILL, close to the station.—Electric train to the Estate. Convenient Houses of eight rooms, bath, etc.; rents from £25. Minusettes of three, four, and five rooms each, some with bath, from £18; all nicely decorated.—To view, and for particulars, with contract, apply to Mr. Butts, 1, Amesbury-st., Streatham Hill.

WORKING.—Splendid position; detached house; five bedrooms, bath, and c.; large front garden; tennis lawn; let, furnished, £150 per annum; can be seen by appointment. Write 1525, "Daily Mirror," 12, Whitechurch-st., E.C.

DENTISTRY.

TEETH.—A complete set, £1; single teeth, 2s. 6d. each; sets complete in four hours if required; American Crown and Bridge work; extractions, 1s.; painless; with gas. S. 6d.—The People's Teeth Association, 138, Strand, London, W.C.

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47 GOLDEN LANE, LONDON, E.C.

LOOK AT THIS JACKET!
Now take the price into consideration, and you cannot fail to realise the advantage of buying direct at first cost from the "ALFOSCO" Factories.

Please write at once for EDITION, No. 10, of our ILLUSTRATED "SKETCH BOOK OF FASHIONS," just out. Sent post free with PATTERNS, which need not be returned.

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Made in ALLEN FOSTER & Co.'s ALFOSCO "TWEED" series in all Colours. Coat measures 36in. long, has patch pockets and gathered cuffs. Skirt cut full, trimmed with seams, side panels and buttons of same material. Splendid value for 12/11, car. 6d.

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